TWENTY YEARS of LIFE

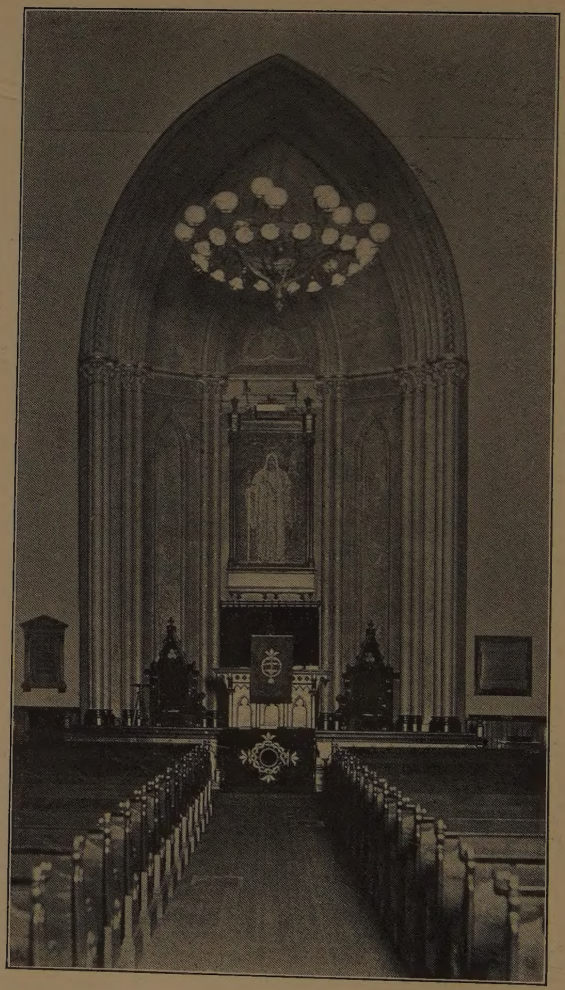
THOMAS VAN NESS

Susan E. Geyer

WITHDRAWN BY
HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL
ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL
LIBRARY

From the collection
of the
UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



INTERIOR VIEW OF
"THE SECOND CHURCH IN BOSTON"
COPLEY SQUARE

FOUNDED BY THE PURITANS IN 1649

TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE

MESSAGES FROM A HISTORIC BOSTON PULPIT

BY

THOMAS VAN NESS
Minister of the Second Church in Boston
Founded by the Puritans in 1649
Author of "The Coming Religion,"
"The Search for God"

BOSTON
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
1913

BX
9843
.W3
T8
Copy 1

MINISTERS

Since its foundation the Second Church has included in its list of pastors some of the most widely known and illustrious ministers, whose inspiring words and brilliant deeds form part of the history of New England.

JOHN MAYO
Ordained Nov. 9, 1655
Resigned —— 1675

INCREASE MATHER
Ordained May 27, 1664
Died Aug. 23, 1723

COTTON MATHER
Ordained May 13, 1685
Died Feb. 13, 1728

JOSHUA GEE
Ordained Dec. 18, 1723
Died May 22, 1748

SAMUEL MATHER
Ordained June 21, 1732
Discharged Dec. 21, 1741

SAMUEL CHECKLEY, Jr.
Ordained Sept. 3, 1747
Died Mar. 19, 1768

JOHN LATHROP
Ordained May 18, 1768
Died Jan. 4, 1816

HENRY WARE, Jr.
Ordained Jan. 1, 1817
Resigned Sept. 26, 1830

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Ordained Mar. 11, 1829
Resigned Oct. 28, 1832

CHANDLER ROBBINS
Ordained Dec. 4, 1833
Resigned Dec. 4, 1874

ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER
Installed Mar. 15, 1876
Resigned Sept. 25, 1878

EDWARD A. HORTON
Installed May 24, 1880
Resigned Feb. 1, 1892

THOMAS VAN NESS (1892-1912)

PREFACE

If, at the time of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of "The Second Church in Boston," it had been possible to examine published volumes of the sermons preached by the Mathers, by Lathrop ("Revolutionary Preacher"), and by Emerson during their pastorates, much light could have been thrown upon the particular periods represented by their ministries. As it is, there exists now and again a hiatus in our knowledge of the life and development of the Second Church. This is all the more to be deplored because it is now realized how largely the original Puritan churches molded the thought and institutions of New England, especially such a church as "The Second Church in Boston," which figured so dramatically in important periods of American history.

This volume of sermons is published to supply, to a small extent, a knowledge of the religious thought which obtained during the closing years of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century. To the future Second Church historian its chief interest, perhaps, will come from the fact that the

sermons printed are those chosen, in nearly every case, by vote of the congregation. It can thus be seen what sermon was best liked in any one year, or made an appeal to the largest number of people. This method of selection gives, of course, no continuity of thought, but it does make the sermons reflect the especial interests of the time by showing not simply what subjects were uppermost in the preacher's mind, but what subjects received the general approval of his hearers.

In order to keep the time-quality, no attempt has been made to discard passing allusions or local illustration; it may be, in years to come, these may prove of more value to the reader than the particular treatment of some sermonic theme. In 1905 two sermons were preached entitled "Natural Disasters: Can they be reconciled to the thought of a loving God?" and "Is There a Righteous God?" (the latter published by the American Unitarian Association). In April, 1912, right after the disaster to the steamship *Titanic*, a sermon was preached without manuscript entitled, "Carest thou not that we perish?" This sermon many persons wished to have printed. In reality, it was so largely a compilation from those preached in 1905 that it is put under date of February 5 of that year.

These twenty published sermons represent

twenty years of ministerial life; busy, happy years when the Second Church of Boston was in Copley Square. With them go forth affectionate greetings to loyal parishioners and to the many others who from time to time helped form the congregation. To one and all heartfelt thanks for their appreciation and their multiform kindness.

THOMAS VAN NESS.

Boston, December 15, 1912.

CONTENTS

		Page
I	Why go to Church?	1
II	How Shall We Love Our Neighbor as Ourself?	11
III	An Average Man	20
IV	The Man Below the Average	34
V	The Human Temple	46
VI	The Samaritan in a Dress Suit	56
VII	Reaching Forth and Pressing On	67
VIII	Calvinistic Commercialism	78
IX	The Gain in the Sense of Reality	88
X	The Talented Man	98
XI	The Mastery of Power	108
XII	The Test of Life, or Choosing and Having	121
XIII	Carest Thou not that we Perish?	129
XIV	Christmas in the Making	138
XV	Beliefs Worth While	145
XVI	The Final Judgment	158
XVII	Salvation and Damnation Through Habit	171
XVIII	The Secret Source of Power	178
XIX	The Rhythm in Human Life	186
XX	Immortality's Indestructible Foundation	195

I

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

PREACHED APRIL 9, 1893

I was glad when they said: "Come, it is an holy day, let us go up into the house of the Lord."—Psa. cxxii: 1, "God is spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—I John iv: 24, 25.

Once again as a congregation, we meet in this historic church to worship together. Why do we do so? God is surely everywhere; can he not then be worshiped just as well out of doors as here? Why, in fact, should we attend regularly any particular church or help to support religious services? Let me answer by first asking a question. Is Emerson any more in Concord than in Omaha? Is Wordsworth more truly in the lake region of England than in the lake region of New Hampshire? Why do worshiping Pilgrims go to Mecca? Why do enthusiastic lovers of poetry go to Windemere? Why does the patriot stand in reverence in the Shadow of Bunker Hill monument? Ah, sirs, is it not because you have imagination? because as you stand on Bunker Hill you again see the long thin line

of Colonials. You see the charge of the British regulars and you hear the shouts, the stern commands, and the rush of the troops. Everything speaks and thrills with the voices of those long since dead. Try as you may you can not conjure up this scene while you are traveling over the Rocky Mountains, or sailing in the Mediterranean, as you can when you are right where you can actually touch the Bunker Hill shaft.

Why come to this particular church? Because here, for you, there is given to your thought and imagination this same extension in time and space: The very building, itself, filled as it is with other world suggestions, contributes to this impression.

Sitting in quiet and hearing read the words of the Bible, your thoughts are taken back into a far-off age amid different customs and people: As you join in the singing, or in the reading of the Psalms, which tell of creation "when the morning stars sang together," which recite the facts of birth, of death, of eternity, your feelings are lifted up and beyond the things of the moment.

They are given a wide sweep. You feel events in their rightful proportion. Before you came to church, perhaps, you were fretting and worrying about something which after all is temporary, which will soon pass away.

Now you realize the fact. In the light of all that was and is, and is to be, your worry over the little things seems foolish. A certain peace comes; a peace which you would not have known had you remained at home amid the circumstances and conditions which induced the fret and worry.

Not only is your thought given this immense extension in time and space, but through prayer and praise you come to have a sense of relationship to spirit.

All this vast moving panorama of suns and stars and whirling planets; all this coming and going of mighty powers and forces; it seems somehow outside and apart from us, in no way related to us; then this lacing and interlacing of law which science discloses, this being entwined by it and moved by it, this wondrous, awful, terrible machine of a universe working ceaselessly onward by law, like some giant steam engine: in comparison what is man that it should regard him, or the son of man that it should be mindful of him? But through prayer there comes the recognition of our oneness with the very heart of things,—with the central force,—with spirit—in and by which all things live and move and have their being. We too are spirit; spirit responds to spirit. Through prayer we touch reality; we realize that we are no more

strangers or servants, but children of the household of God: we know that we dwell in God and God in us because He hath given us of his spirit.

"Not in entire forgetfulness—
But trailing clouds of glory
Do we come from God, who is our home."

I and my Father are one, i.e., my spirit is of like kind with the Eternal.

Oh, the joy which comes when we do thus realize that God is spirit and that they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth; when we realize above all, that the Spirit of God dwelleth in us.

This revelation through prayer binds us to all the things that are round and about us. Nature becomes animate with the same spirit which animates us. She speaks to us in our varying moods.

"For our gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into our darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

Thus through prayer are we related to the unseen; thus are we bound to all things and all men. That is the original Latin meaning

of religion; to bind back, to bind together as in a bundle, to make one.

The third great value of attending church is that it trains the subconscious in us, that important yet almost unknown part of ourselves which has come to us through a long and varied heredity.

It is sometimes said that a man can be just as good, just as noble, just as upright, who does not attend church as the man who regularly attends religious services. It is a false statement, unless the man has some other influence bearing in upon his subconscious life which shall automatically make strong and sure right feelings and noble impulses.

As well say that the volunteer patriot will make as good a soldier untrained and undisciplined as the regular soldier who has stood guard, marched and counter-marched, drilled and exercised in barrack and in field. Bravery, steadiness,—the doing of the right thing at the right time,—all this is something more than a mere matter of the will, than just the decision to be courageous: it represents long hours of practice, of duty done,—in short, it means that the subconscious has been trained so that in the moment of peril mechanically the nerves are steady, the eye sure, the muscles without fright and the mind calm.

To will to do right is not enough; purpose

needs to have itself fortified by habit, otherwise purpose, good intention, will be defeated in the moment of crisis. Now and again we hear of some broker or merchant in the community who has stood high in reputation, defaulting, or committing suicide, and then the phrase used to describe him is that "he went all to pieces." His acquaintances by this phrase mean to imply that he showed no moral stamina in the hour of temptation; honesty, honor, courage, consistency, all went by the board. There was no binding power; and consequently there was nothing to conserve his manhood; or perhaps we hear of the splendid way in which a man bears misfortune and then his comrades say of him, "He stood it like a brick." What is more crumbly than clay? What more enduring than a brick made up of that same crumbly clay after the clay has been exposed to the elements, tried and seasoned by storm and calm, by heat and cold, by dryness, by moisture?

The church is the one institution in the community which makes for its chief object the establishment of right habits in moral conduct. Can we afford to neglect it?

Fourth: We should attend church services for the added benefit, the collective value, received from being in the company of those who share our purposes and our motives.

I have read a suggestive book in which the author, a noted psychologist, shows conclusively that when we are with others in a crowd, in a congregation, we are mentally and morally ourselves, plus something more or minus something.

All of us know this to be fundamentally true. A mob is always more lawless than are the particular men composing it when taken singly. Numbers not only awaken enthusiasm; they beget desire, hence the value of political meetings, of musical clubs, of singing societies. To say, then, that a man can worship alone under the blue sky just as well as in a church, and that he is as likely so to do, is like saying that a man can throw and catch a ball by himself just as well as when he is a member of a baseball nine, or that a citizen is as likely to ponder over the questions of tariff and single tax when he is alone as when he attends political meetings.

Do you know many people who do thus keep up an active interest in anything, if, year after year, they have to do it alone?

The church is valuable, among other reasons, as a place for spiritual exercise.

You know very well that your muscles grow stiff and flabby if you do not use them; you know, too, that you lose the power of continuous thinking if you fail to read and study.

Because you do know these facts you have provided yourselves with splendid public libraries and expensive gymnasiums. In these gymnasiums there are set up for your consideration physical charts and hygienic data. A statue of Hercules shows you what may be considered the perfect physical man; you can compare the development or lack of development of your own muscle with that Greek standard.

How can you find out whether you are gaining or losing spiritual muscle? The church sets up for you models, a standard. It says: "See, test yourself by this life of Jesus. How stands it with you when you are compared with such a standard? Take in the moment when you are called upon to tell the truth, even to your own hurt. Can you do it, as did Jesus before Pilate? There are all around you foreigners, Slavs, Italians, Greeks. Have you the sympathy for them which Jesus showed to the Syro-Phœnician woman, to the Roman captain? It is a time in political matters when there is the need of bravery. Have you the courage of your convictions?"

Yes, you and I need to come up to the church Sunday after Sunday to test ourselves, exactly as we test ourselves at the gymnasium. Are we more inclined to look with charity upon our neighbors than this time last year? Have we as high a standard in regard to the

purity of our thoughts as we had in 1890-1885?

Many people never test themselves spiritually: they do not know where they stand. Their neighbors and friends, however, note their moral deterioration—see the growing crabbedness, the added selfishness and domineeringness. They cannot. Alas! the pity. Slowly they are growing flabby, useless: spiritual tuberculosis has set in—and the end? The sentence—"Thou fool; this day thy soul shall be required of thee."

Religious services, above all else in importance, increase our faith; faith in the future, in eternal life. Speaking out of my own experience in Denver and San Francisco, when I was called upon for funeral services by all sorts and conditions of people, I can testify that the hopeless ones, the ones to whom little consolation can be given, are seldom the regular church attendants; they are usually the people who say "I haven't thought much about such things."

You need the church and I need the church. Without it we are poor and bare and sadly unprepared for life's vicissitudes. I beg of you, therefore, to be loyal to this church, for your own sake, for the good of the community.

This New England of ours was formed and fashioned by your Puritan forefathers; the deep stamp, the impression they made, was be-

cause of their splendid moral convictions. What kept them true to their convictions? Where did they find the strength needed to withstand all the hardships of pioneer life? In the church. There the Lord God spoke to them and kept them steadfast. Shall we be less loyal than they?

II

HOW SHALL WE LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR AS OURSELF?

PREACHED FEBRUARY 25, 1894

For the Father loveth the Son and showeth him all things that himself doeth. John v, 20.

All the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Gal. v. 14.

Can a man love at command? Surely not, no more than he can believe at command. I may be told to love the negro, the Chinaman, the coal-heaver, but entreaty, persuasion, compulsion cannot create in me that affectional condition of feeling which is termed love. No! Faith and hope and love are not states of the will, but of the heart; logic has little power to produce them, nor reason to diminish them. We may therefore say that the injunction "Love thy neighbor as thyself" cannot be put into practical effect. Stop; is it so?

In what way do we love ourselves? Plainly not in an affectional way; we do not call ourselves by pet names, nor caress ourselves, nor lavish upon ourselves all sorts of endearments. That is not the way we love ourselves. What

we do love about ourselves is, first of all, our personal life. We want that to go on. Before the highwayman's pistol we quickly surrender our purse. On the stormy sea we gladly part with everything to enter the lifeboat. In moments of panic, instinctively we flee to save our own life. The world's history is filled with examples of abominable treachery, cruelty and deceit—all caused by the fear of death and the love of life.

Much as most of us desire life and love it, yet many of us love even more personal honor. We are zealous in the defense of our good name; we believe that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Honor means a love for one's dignity, a respect for what one is individually.

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

It was this sentiment that animated the Knights of Chivalry. No blot could be tolerated upon their escutcheons. This sentiment survives. You have seen, perhaps, the modern German play where the realization comes to the father that his daughter has brought disgrace upon his fair name. No hint of shame can be endured by the old Prussian, and so silently he enters the room and tremblingly hands to his daughter a pistol.

"Yes, honor is the subject of my lay. I know not what you and others think of this life, but as for myself I had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself."

Reputation comes next. How dearly some of us love that! Reputation represents what a man has done in all the years of his activity; reputation stands for the houses he has built and which have earned him the title of "honest John," the goods he has sold bearing a label which the trade recognizes as synonymous with "highest quality"; reputation is the punctuality he has shown in meeting engagements, which makes his fellows say of him, "You can count upon him to the minute; his word is as good as his bond."

"Oh, Iago, I have lost my reputation; I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. I am hurt past all surgery."

Many a merchant or banker has died, or committed suicide, because through slanders, vilifications, lies, he has not been able to preserve the good name and reputation of his firm or bank.

Next after reputation, perhaps before reputation, is the love for one's rights, a love which grows into the love for justice. The small boy doubles up his fists and fights for his rights even though it mean torn clothes and a bruised

face; the man fights and fights for his rights though in the process he lose friends, money, property—everything.

"Give me liberty or give me death."

The phrase is more than rhetorical. Arnold of Winkelried, gathering up in his own body the Austrian spears so that a path for liberty might be made, is a type of what has occurred over and over again.

But one may have won his rights; he may have labored successfully and achieved reputation, wealth, honor; still all these are not enough if the body is out of repair, if the mind is enfeebled—in short, if health is gone. "Health! my kingdom for health." Yes, it is this desire which fills long trains of cars with broken and diseased people hurrying to watering places, which fills the ghastly "white trains" speeding toward Lourdes, where the agonized prayers of thousands go up to our Lady of the Grotto for physical wholeness. "Do you see yonder workman striding along so lustily?" said an English prime minister to the lady congratulating him on the honors which had lately come to him. "Well, I would gladly exchange all that I have if I could but possess his strength and splendid health."

Seeing now what it is that we love in loving

ourselves, seeing that it is life, liberty, honor, health and a just regard for our rights as an individual, we can go on to see that if we would love our neighbor as ourself, then we need not necessarily throw our arms about him, invite him into the most sacred sanctuary of our home, love him affectionately, as we do a wife, a son, a mother. No! if we would love our neighbor as ourselves, then we will do what we can to preserve his life and health, to maintain his honor, to give him his rightful liberties, and to uphold his good reputation.

Come now to the story of the Samaritan and you realize that our analysis is the true one.

When the Samaritan met the wounded traveler, he did not bestow upon him a wealth of affection; he did not weep over him as he might had it been his father, nor take him up in his arms and caress him as if he were his wounded child. No, he first of all tried to save the traveler's life; he poured oil and wine into his wounds as would a good nurse, then the hurt man was taken to an inn, where he was sure of safety and proper treatment.

Love, as thus exemplified, means service.

Next, as the Samaritan went on his way he did not afterwards in Jericho attempt to lower the traveler's reputation by darkly hinting that the mishap would in all probability

never have happened if feasting and drinking had not been kept up until a late hour in Jerusalem, or if the wounded man had been less thoughtless or stupid. Love, here, means a jealous regard for the fair name and reputation of another human being.

Lastly, having seen to it that the man did not die, the Samaritan still felt he owed a duty to the wounded traveler. What duty? The duty of seeing him restored to health. The traveler was to remain at the inn until strong enough to travel, until able to perform the regular functions of a man in normal health.

Life. Reputation. Health. Yes, these are what we long for, guard and dearly love in and for ourself, and when we try to give our neighbor more abundant life, when we try to guard his reputation, when we have respect for his rights, then we are really loving him, loving him in the New Testament sense of the word *αγαπὴ*.

Perhaps in all obvious ways, ways that appeal directly to our sympathy and pity, we do exhibit this *agape* of which Jesus speaks, but it is in the indirect ways that we fail of our duty. Any man who sells adulterated groceries or drugs to his neighbor fails of the royal law, for through these injurious compounds he lessens just so much his neighbor's vitality; any man who employs in factories little chil-

dren under age, or who is careless of the health, the comfort of his employees fails by just so much of his full duty. Any woman who thoughtlessly hints at actions injurious to her neighbor's reputation is by exactly so much failing to show the love enjoined by the Gospels.

Let us bring this subject home to ourselves. You are a lawyer. Do you do your work in your office chiefly for your retainer, or for human service? Which counts the more with you, the big fee offered, or the desire to uphold the honor and good name of the client you are asked to defend? You are a surgeon. Which counts the more with you, the desire to add to your reputation by undertaking a hazardous operation which will be spoken about, or the desire to save life? You are a merchant. Which counts the more, to sell goods or through selling standard articles to be of real service to the community? You are an employer of labor. In your factory or your kitchen what are you doing to relieve the strain and worry—which shorten life—from your employees, from your servant girl, from the people who are in contact with you?

Fear is a destroyer of the vital principle. Are you doing anything to generate faith and courage? Fear of a disease helps to create that very disease. You can do much to cast

away the fear of sickness by a steady hope and cheer. Unhappiness lessens the power of resistance, disintegrates the personality; are you doing anything to generate an atmosphere of happiness by speaking the hopeful, kindly word? Joy and good will suggest joy and good will to others, help to generate normal feelings. Perhaps you did not know that in these ways, more possibly than in any other way, you can love your neighbor as yourself.

The chief difficulty about loving our neighbor as ourself is that we cannot realize vividly enough the personality of our neighbor. Somehow the desires of our fellow townsman, the clerk in our office, the cook in our kitchen, seem less keen than our own, their honor less worthy, their rights less valuable; that they feel and reason and suffer exactly as we do. Well, it may be so, but we cannot quite appreciate the fact.

"And yet hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick one, does he not bleed? If you poison one, does he not die?"

. . . . . .

"For the Father loveth the Son and sheweth

him all things." Loveth? Yes, in the tender, affectional way as a human parent loves his child. Such love, yearning, endearing, all embracing, the eternal God has for us—for you, for me. How shall we repay his many benefits? How show ourselves worthy to be called his sons?

"He hath shown thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy?" What doth He ask of thee more than to treat thy neighbor—thy brother man—as thou thyself wouldst be treated? In so far as thou dost respect thy neighbor's rights, in so far as thou dost uphold his reputation, shield his honor and preserve his health and life—in short, in so far as thou lovest him as thou lovest thyself, thou shalt have honor and glory and power—in so far shalt thou deserve the proud title of an heir of God and joint heir with Christ in heaven.

III

AN AVERAGE MAN

PREACHED MARCH 31, 1895 *

He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold I have gained two other talents beside them.—Matt. xxv, 22.

Here in America the "average man" is in the majority; few belong to any other category. Some day it flashes upon most of us that we belong to that vast majority. It is a critical moment when the realization is forced home to our minds. Up to that time we have been so full of ambition or conceit as to believe our powers unlimited and everything possible. We have given to our hearts all sorts of excuses for still being unknown or in a minor position. "Wait," we have said; "our time will come; we are not yet old enough; the opportunity has not presented itself. When it does, then we shall astonish the world; we shall do great

* This sermon is the first of three sermons entitled "Three Types of Manhood," of which the other two are "The Man Below the Average" and "The Talented Man," appearing in this volume under the dates of 1896 and 1902.

things, take high rank, be known to every one."

Something or other happens,—the promotion of a younger friend over us, the failure of our great attempt at public speaking, the inability to win in a certain law case, the quiet ignoring of our presence at a social function when we had expected to shine,—something or other, I say, of this kind, perhaps, suddenly brings to our minds—and with such stunning force as nearly to daze and cripple us—the knowledge that we are simply one of the crowd and rated by our fellows as only fair to average.

In that bewildering hour when a man first wakes to the actual estimate which others have of him, what pain he suffers! From over-confidence he is likely to swing to over-timidity; from having too much push to having too little push. The ambition, the enthusiasm, seems to ooze out as he recognizes himself to be an ordinary man, and discouragement or envy is likely to usurp the place of former confidence and vanity.

Now it is just at this point—at this serious hour—that the average man stands most in need of encouragement, yet is least likely to get it. If in this moment of weakness he confides to a friend that he really thought some day or other his poetry would take rank with that of Tennyson, he is almost sure to be laughed at; if he mentions his surprise that a

younger man was preferred before him, he is coolly asked what else he expected. Sympathy for his early ambitions he must not look for. Had he failed utterly, had he through sickness or accident lost all, his case might call forth pity; or had he, through his brilliancy or keenness, made a great success, he might expect applause; but neither to fail nor to succeed, to come in somewhere among the crowd, to take a middle position neither very good nor very bad, how can he suppose his case will awaken interest, or call forth commendation? Alas! his case is all too common. He is just one of the people, an all-around average person, and that's the end of it.

No, that should not be the end of it in spite of the world's verdict. There is a deeper question to be answered, and that is, is he never to be anything more than middle class, or does it still depend upon himself whether he will rise above or fall below the undistinguished plane?

What is it that brings a man to this sense of incapacity? What causes him to conclude that, after all, his personality, his mental power, is not what he dreamed? Has earth, air, sea or sky changed in any manner their relations to him? No. Have the inward life-currents given out, the nerve centers weakened? No. The realizing sense of limitation may have come just in the moment when he felt he

was putting forth his best powers. For that very reason, alas! he perceives in so startling a way that he can lay the blame of his failure upon no outside thing, no temporary sickness or want of chance. No; he simply failed because, as his mortified pride now seems to incessantly whisper, he was not big enough, not bright enough, not valuable enough. His shrunken and contracted estimate of himself, then, comes purely from his discovery of the aspect he presents to others of his kind, their opinion of him, their judgment concerning him, their conclusion about him. His youthful estimate of himself was one thing; the world's estimate is quite a different thing. Yes; but—and here is the vital question—is the world's estimate of him any truer, any more to be relied upon than his original estimate of himself? If the one was distorted, how about the other? If the world says he is average, is he therefore average? If neither estimate is just and accurate, how is the right estimate to be obtained?

First, let us see that the point of view from which each estimate is made up is a partial one.

Why does public sentiment rate the two-talent man as an average person? In what way does it arrive at its judgment?

Surely not from a knowledge of the early hopes and ambitions of the two-talent man.

No. These are not known, and if known are likely to cause ridicule. The world has eyes simply for surface indications. What it wants of the social converser is brilliancy; of the lawyer, keenness; of the public speaker, magnetism; of the Irish hod-carrier, muscle. The world is not interested in that part of the man's nature which is *below* the surface and cannot be put to utilitarian use. For public ends and industries there is but a small part of a man's whole nature that is utilizable,—the part which is called the *practical* part. "Like some beautiful esculent plant of which only a hundredth part is edible and that part is cut out and called valuable while the rest is flung away,—although the discarded part may have in itself what is vastly more wonderful, even though it is called useless because it fails to serve for food,—so a man is estimated and valued in the community chiefly for what he can do along certain lines of thought and action." The two-talent man's *external* and world-wise faculties are what count in the market-place, i.e., his co-operation in industry, his conformity to certain customs, his intelligence in practical affairs, his ability to strike a good bargain. All praise for such things. But you know and I know, my friends, that success in trade, in politics, brilliancy in literature and in writing, ability in managing commercial institutions is, after

all, but a poor and shallow expression of what is far deeper, the unrecorded and unspoken pains and aspirations of the struggling soul. "Watch closely enough your own thoughts and feelings and inward experiences, and observe that not even your nearest friend, your wife, your child, shares the largest part of your life, —knows or can know what after all makes up you and your individual history."

So, then, if other men rank you as average, they so rank you not because of their complete knowledge of your nature, but simply on account of their acquaintance with a limited part of your being,—that part which shows itself in practical activity. On the other hand, your individual estimate of yourself in early youth was equally wrong; for while you possessed many of the needful qualities of heart, mind and soul, yet these were not given you in that proportion which makes them *practically* utilizable. No one attribute, possibly, dominated to a sufficient degree, or each in its turn lacked the needed discipline, and could not be made sufficiently effective at the proper moment. Here was your mistake,—what your acquaintances called your conceit; you were right in feeling capable of great things, but they too were right in knowing that great things were not possible from one with so undisciplined a nature, or from one who, because he was such

a handy Jack-at-all-trades, was never likely to become master of any one.

Coming back now to our parable of the talents.

We can well imagine the surprise and disappointment of the second servant when his employer hands out to him but two pieces of money. Up to that time he had no reason to suppose there was any difference between him and his fellow-servants. In his own estimation he probably stood upon the same level of capacity and capability with the one who is now intrusted with more than double the amount of money. Why such discrimination?

Because, as can be plainly seen by this act, his lord and master considers him but an average man, and treats him as such. Here, then, is the world-verdict. Shall he accept it as the true one?

What, from the servant receiving the five talents, is the most that can be expected? A hundred per cent. return,—the doubling of his money. If the average man can do equally well, is he not entitled to precisely the same reward? Yes, surely. It is not, then, the amount of capital, note you, which determines a man's future position, but the *way* he uses what is given, i.e., what he makes of the things —mental, moral, practical—which are intrusted to him.

Here is the first encouragement to us who consider ourselves but average. It is really left with us to prove whether the enduring, the permanent estimate which God shall place upon us is to be that of the world or something higher.

The next encouraging thing about the parable is the fact that the basis of judgment is changed. The first judgment was passed on what I called a man's practical faculties,—that side of him which, small though it may be, the community can use and receive benefit from; the last judgment is to be passed on something quite different,—on the proportional increase each is able to make on what is intrusted to him.

The first estimate we are not accountable for; the last estimate does, however, depend upon ourselves.

Do I make my meaning clear? Let me restate it in different form.

I am not to blame if, because the world wants strong men and my muscular strength is limited, I am classed by the world simply as average; nor am I to be censured if, because the world wants quickness of wit or keenness of perception, I fail to have them in preëminent degree; but I am to be justly condemned if, possessing average strength or fair mental ability, I do not proportionally make as much

of them as the man who has double my muscular power and thrice my intellectual attainments.

How shall I make the most of what I have? How shall I double my mental, moral or spiritual stock? "PLAINLY, ACCORDING TO JESUS, BY *use*." Paradoxical as it sounds, the more we expend, the more we have; the more we give, the more we receive.

The gymnast pulling and tugging at rope and chest weight becomes so tired and exhausted that he can exercise no more, but in the very giving out of strength he has increased his physical endurance. Every man is aware of the fact that if he wants to know more he must put to use what he already knows. Tell a good story to a friend, and afterwards it is yours; keep it to yourself, and it is soon forgotten. So in countless other things.

It may then be laid down as an axiom that if one wishes to get, he must give; if he desires to grow, he must use that which is already his. Well has it been said that "*Giving and using must become habits.*"

Here is the first distinguishing difference between the average man and the great man; for, as George Eliot says, Genius is only an infinite capacity for hard work. Think of Shakespeare giving forth to the world play after play, any one of which, if he had written no more, would

have made him immortal! Think of the volumes and volumes written by Ruskin, by Herbert Spencer, by Bacon. Recall how Edison produces and perfects invention after invention. Remember the sonatas, operas and musical dramas composed by the giants Beethoven and Wagner, and you will realize the stupendous industry of those master minds. Constant use, that is it; the giving forth of what we have is the indispensable requisite to further growth and improvement.

In all of us there is a certain faculty which varies greatly in strength and intensity. It is the faculty of effort; and my first injunction is, "Keep this faculty alive and growing by a little gratuitous exercise every day,"—i.e., be systematically heroic or generous in what seem some little unnecessary points.

It is late in the evening. You are tired and sleepy. The note of acknowledgment, the letter of congratulation, can wait until to-morrow to be answered: *Sit down at once and answer it.* . . . On the whole, you would rather not call upon your neighbor who has just moved into the house above; you prefer not to accept the invitation to Mrs. So-and-So's tea; you fear it will prove a bore: *Put on your bonnet and coat and call at once. Accept graciously and without demur the undesired invitation.* It seems unnecessary for you to drop

anything into the collection box. You think you might as well save the five or ten dollars. *Contribute at once double the amount originally in your mind.* If you do not, you lose something within of far more value than many dollars.

The second maxim I should lay down is this: Until the new habit of generosity or industry or dutifulness becomes fixed, never suffer an exception to occur.

Says Professor James: "When you are trying to acquire a new habit each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which you are carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind up again."

The third way to increase moral capacity is to act *immediately* upon every right emotional prompting.

On Sunday morning there comes to you the suggestion of attending church. Instead of immediately acting upon it, you decide first to look over the morning paper or chat awhile about household affairs. You won't miss much, you say, by not going. No, perhaps not, at the church; but you are missing what is of far more value, the chance of gaining additional moral fiber. By that failure of yours to act on your first noble prompting, you are weaker by so much in steadiness of purpose. Say to

yourself on the other hand, "I am going to attend church promptly and regularly," and then *do it;* and at the end of the time, if you have gained nothing from the preacher, you have gained in a tightening of moral fiber, in a strength of will which in larger things may prove of greatest benefit.

So I should also recommend you during Lent to read some one good and noble book for at least a half-hour every day. No matter what the interruptions, nor how late the hour when you get home, no matter how weary the body, read for that prescribed half-hour; and when Easter comes you will be master not simply of the author's thought, but, what is of more importance, you will be master of a *habit* which will strengthen your powers of mental application, your industry and your literary appreciation.

. . . . . .

I notice that the man in the parable did not sit down and enviously complain, because he was given less than one-half as much as his fellow-servant; he did not talk of common ownership and unfair discrimination, and raise an agitation which should compel his seemingly fortunate companion to divide with him. No; he simply went to work to do with his two talents precisely as much as could the man with five talents,—that is, *double* them.

Average gifts, *persistently* used, yield rich returns.

Gibbon was considered an average writer. He worked twenty years on one book, but it lives. To-day Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is the standard text-book on that subject. Noah Webster was not considered an extraordinary man by his fellow-townsmen. He too gave years to one book,—thirty-six years I believe,—but his dictionary will live. Newton, whom we now class as a genius, was not so rated when he lived. His book, "Chronology of Ancient Nations," he rewrote fifteen times before giving it to the public. Average gifts these men were supposed to have. Yet now we call them great because each in his turn doubled his talents.

My friends! let us not blame Fate, environment, circumstances or any other exterior condition, and assert that we cannot rise or be anything better than what we now are. By no mere outer accident of fortune are we to be finally judged, but by what we make of that which is actually intrusted to us. If we remain underlings, the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves.

From now and on call yourself no more "average." According to the world's standards you may not have much, but the proper use of that which you do have is essential to

the well-being of all humanity. Yes, to you is given an indestructible part, a soul infinitely more precious than any earthly thing. Though the heavens be rolled up like a scroll, and the stars cease to give their light, the humblest soul shall still survive, if righteous, in the everlasting love of the Father.

With such your destiny, if you will have it so, go forth to to-morrow's toil or play, to its cares, to its joys, determined loyally to fulfill the mission of your life,—to double the gifts and faculties intrusted to you,—to enlarge your soul. Then, believe me, when the end on earth shall come, to your knock as to that of any other well-lived life, the everlasting doors shall spring wide open, and there too on the very threshold shall stand one whose love shall welcome you with the "Well done. Because thou hast been faithful over the few things I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou forever into the joys of thy Lord."

IV

THE MAN BELOW THE AVERAGE

PREACHED OCTOBER 25, 1896

Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one, *to every man according to his several ability.*—Matt. xxv, 15.

This age is one of peculiar disheartenment to the one-talent man. Never before, as now, did it seem as though the five-talent man possessed such undoubted advantage over him.

"America," says Emerson, "is only another name for opportunity." It may be true, but it is also true that in proportion to the enlargement of opportunity, competition increases and grows more keen. Consequently, in these last years of the nineteenth century, inherent differences in men are being accentuated; and while in the United States every individual enjoys a freedom of action, a just protection of effort and property such as has never been known before, yet it is here especially where there is most bitter complaint of restraint and injustice.

Some of us here to-day are one-talent men and we know it. The knowledge embitters our

lives. We feel a certain sense of injustice because of what we term our inferiority, because we were born homely, awkward, weak and puny while our neighbor comes into the world possessed of natural grace, energy and brilliancy.

Why should we be so sluggish of intellect and so poor of purse and he so strong and well to do? Why he the holder of five talents and we the owner of but one? Surely there is no justice in such an arbitrary, such an unequal division of gifts, and it is asking too much to ask us to be reconciled to the present state of affairs. God or Fate is hard and cruel to some of us and "that's all there is about it."

Now it does not add to our peace of mind, if we are one-talent men, to know that there is a natural inclination among kind hearted people to pity us and to look with a certain sympathy upon those theories of ours which have for their object the restriction of the five-talent man's power. It is for the benefit of the man below the average that Trade Unions curb the activities of the more expert and energetic carpenters or masons. It is for his benefit also that much of the present socialistic legislation has come into force; and were it not for him I doubt whether our municipalities would expend any such sums as they now do upon free schools, free libraries, free baths, public concerts, city hospitals and the like.

If the object of life, the supreme reason for which we are created and sent into this world, is to amass wealth, to shine in social circles, or to attain to a high political position, then I can well see how the charge of injustice may be brought by the one-talent man against the divine Creator, or if the necessity is laid upon each one of us to accomplish in life as much as our more highly gifted neighbor, then the plea of inability may well be urged; but it is not expected that we who are ordinary plasterers, carpenters, small tradesmen, or indifferent scholars shall become millionaires or control large commercial organizations. Indeed, just the reverse. Soldiers are as needful as generals, readers as well as authors, and the chief business of our lives is not to strive to do exactly the same thing some one else is doing and feel hopeless because we cannot, nor to aim at the attainment of ten talents and feel envious because our companion and not ourself secures them, but to honestly and faithfully use the one talent entrusted to our care and to feel gratified and satisfied if with that talent we can add to our store yet one talent more.

It is plain to be seen that according to Jesus the object of life is not something external to ourselves, something which when obtained can be retained only for a short time. Shakespeare says of his purse, " 'Twas mine, 'tis his, has

been a thousand's." Surely nothing so fleeting, so changeable in ownership as money can be the real object for which we should strive. If, after all our toil and all our effort, a mere accident or death could rob us of everything we had gained, how poor, how sorry a thing life would be.

No, the object of life is surely to attain to something more permanent, more personal, a something which the thief cannot steal, which is not dependent upon social fashion, political parties or the fluctuations of the stock market. As to what that something is, we are left in no doubt by this parable of the talents. The three servants must pass over the money to their Lord. It *was* not theirs, it *is* not theirs, and cannot be kept forever. It was simply loaned so, that through and by means of it, they might develop character along the lines of goodness, faithfulness, activity; and the one-talent servant, you notice, is condemned not because of failure to acquire an equal amount with his companions, but because of his lack of faithfulness and industry.

There you have it in a sentence. According to Jesus, life is to be measured by the standard of faithfulness and industry.

The two-talent servant is faithful and industrious. Very well, then; he shall have precisely the reward of the five-talent servant.

Man judges success by accomplishment. God judges success by faithfulness.

The causes of failure on the part of the one-talent servant were, as we have said, because he lacked faith and industry, and one thing more, because he lacked hope.

It is well known how important in business are faith and generosity; indeed they may be called the essentials of success.

The merchant does not use these words, "faith," "generosity," but he uses their equivalent when he speaks of business ventures and business enterprise; for what is a business venture? It is simply the trust in a plan, the faith in a man or his word. The whole credit system is one gigantic network held together by trust and confidence. Business enterprise is in the same way an outlay based on faith. The merchant puts out so much money for advertising, he expends so much more for stock and fixtures, *he gives to the public* and behold in almost the proportion that he gives does he get, the largest givers being the largest receivers.

Now, the one-talent servant was deficient in faith—he was not willing to trust and to give. The ground was a safer vault than any bank. Loans were not always paid back, hence because of his timidity and suspicion, he makes no use of that which is entrusted to his care, and of

course it follows that he obtains no return in golden talents or silver shekels.

Industry is a prerequisite to success, for with it much can be done even against adverse circumstances. The lack of effort on the part of the one-talent servant is the conspicuous fact in the parable. If he had ventured and failed we might have sympathized with him. If he had worked industriously without success we might still have had words of commendation; but not to do anything, simply to be satisfied day after day just where he is and with what he is, when right by his side his two companions are busily planning and working, that is too much to excuse, and our judgment adds, Amen, when the Master's condemnation falls upon him.

I notice that the talent given to the third servant is not clipped or counterfeit. It will sell for just as much at the exchangers or buy as much in the market place as any one of the talents entrusted to his companions. *It has productive possibilities if only put to use.* Ah, there's the rub! If only put to use. The difficulty with so many of us is not, primarily, in the limitation of opportunity, but in the limitation of effort, in the willingness to remain inactive under the conditions that surround us.

Those of us who are one-talent people are

peculiarly liable to fits of despondency and hopelessness.

The chief reason for our easy discouragement is, as I before mentioned, because we have a wrong standard of success. If we do not make as much money as our neighbors, or live in as good a house, or stand as well in class recitations, we think we are failures.

Then again, a wrong conception of what is important and what unimportant, has much to do with making us despondent.

The individualistic way of looking at things still remains. It is most harmful, for we are not separate human atoms, each independent of the others. No! the success of the most brilliant member of society is not his simply because of his own exertions. He alone did not make it. What he is and what he now possesses are the resultant of the efforts, the dispositions, the struggles, the combined work of ten hundred thousand other individuals. Men are inter-related. They rise and fall together. Society is an organism. The idea of greater and less must fade out; the idea of coöperative parts must take its place.

Every electric car remains motionless, if a bit of overhead conducting wire fails or snaps. Every loom or shuttle must come to a standstill in the great factory if a thread breaks; for in its place that one particular thread is

the one important thing and no perfect cloth can be manufactured without it.

So it runs all through Nature. Each chemical atom is essential; each small molecule plays as necessary a part in the universal whole as the gigantic sun and stars. Emerson has stated the truth when he says, letting the squirrel speak to the mountain:

> ". . . All is well and wisely put,
> If I cannot carry forests on my back,
> Neither can you crack a nut."
>
> . . . . . .

Let us now, if we are one-talent men, re-examine our arraignment of Providence and see whether it is really true that, to some of us, God is hard and cruel and "that's all there is about it."

Did we ever stop to think how impossible it would be to have an exact, an equal division of things?

Suppose every man in this community possessed the same amount of riches, then in effect every man would be no better off than if he were poor, for if I offer a servant five gold dollars a day for such and such work and he already has all the gold dollars he wants, as many as I have, in what is the incentive for him to do my work? So too will it be with the carpenter, or gardener, or engineer. Each will

refuse to be employed by the other and each will have to turn to and do his own work.

We all see at a glance the need of variety and disparity, only—and here is the difficulty—we want some one else and not ourselves to be given the one talent while we appropriate the five. We want to be the beautiful one, the brilliant one, the rich one, if there can be but one, and let our neighbor be the homely, the dull, the poor member of society.

In other words, if the world is ruled unjustly, if the present division is all wrong, we are quite willing to perpetuate it, providing, oh! shame on us, that places can be exchanged, we on top, our fellows at the bottom.

What we fail to see, and if we saw it clearly it would lessen our bitterness and envy, is that our neighbor in taking the five talents must take also the responsibility of adding five more to them. Are we willing to be Viceroy of India and have depending upon our judgment the fate of millions of human beings? Are we willing to live in the White House and at the same time take upon ourselves the responsibility of settling the Cuban question?

Our weakness, our poverty, our lack of genius is respected by the All-wise Creator. He does not lay upon us heavier burdens and responsibilities than we can bear, but only such as are *proportioned to our ability.*

It is a weak and finite conception of a God (such as the Greeks give us in Phœbus) which accedes to the unwise pleadings of an undeveloped youth and gives over to his care the chariot of the sun. Such mighty power entrusted to Phæton's untrained hands and he knows not how to control and guide it, so that eventually it brings not only disaster to the world but ruin to himself.

A baker's boy in St. Petersburg happens to be passing just as a Nihilist is about to shoot at the Czar. Hastily knocking the would-be assassin's arm, he saved the Czar's life, and was rewarded for his deed by a large quantity of money and a commission in the army. Raw and untrained as he was, these gifts were too much for him and in a short time he drank himself to death. The strain imposed by wealth and high position can be borne only by those who have first disciplined themselves in less important posts and unhappy is sure to be the future of that youth who, without regard to his ability, is given more money or power than he has the strength or the experience to wisely manage.

Yes, it is a merciful wisdom that sets us in the minor place and asks of us only that we be faithful to the small trust imposed, promising in the end the full reward, the Father's com-

mendation and the Ruler's opportunity in the Heavenly Kingdom.

"Minor place," did I say? It was a slip of the tongue, for, as I told you before, in the divine plan there is no recognition of things as major and minor, greater and less, essential and non-essential. Each thing in its special place is the most valuable right there. You, my discontented, one-talent friend, in your particular position are more valuable to the universe than can be the five- or the two-talent man in your same position.

No one can exactly fill another's place. If it is filled it must be filled by the man to whom it belongs.

Instead then of depreciating the work given us to do, let us, if we are one-talent men, rather glory in the fact that the kingdom of God cannot be set up on earth without our faithful diligence. The parable shows us that God needs us, as he does our companions and neighbors, needs us to fulfill his plans, to work out his purposes.

The great electric arc light in its brilliantly conspicuous place is needed to give light to the railway passenger station, but who will say that the little green or red lantern set afar off along the track in some lonely mountain cañon perhaps, or at a dangerous crossing, is not in its turn even more valuable? Let that small

flame go out, let it fail to shine, and who can predict how terrible will be the resulting disaster?

Through our very limitations are we drawn nearer to the heart of the universe, and just as a human mother's loving thought goes out most tenderly toward her weakest, her crippled child, so, believe me, does God's love go out for his feeblest children.

Because of that love has he made your burden only according to your ability. By it you are being made to think, to work; by it are the depths of your being stirred, so that you may grow and grow in fineness, in purity, in divine-like attributes.

Why murmur then at your limitations, why fear the darkness, if from those limitations you gain strength, if out of that darkness shall stretch a hand and into the silence and loneliness shall come a voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful child, thou hast been faithful with the one talent entrusted to thee, I will now make thee ruler over many. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord God Eternal."

V

THE HUMAN TEMPLE

PREACHED JANUARY 17, 1897

The temple of the Lord is holy, which temple ye are. —I Cor. iii, 17.

PART I

"The temple of the Lord is holy."

The old writers of Exodus bring vividly before our minds the various events which led up to the building of the first Jewish temple. Some years before, so they tell us, a certain Moses, Egyptian reared although Hebrew born, had been instrumental in freeing from the ruling Pharaoh the many Hebrews who were held in slavish subjection and bringing them safely out from Egypt into the peninsula of Sinai; but once there and in safety, much more waited to be done. Before these freed slaves, separated by petty prejudices, differing customs and tribal traditions, could be welded together into a compact and permanent people, it was necessary to give them common laws, a common purpose, and above all a common religion.

While in Egypt these Hebrews were surrounded on every side by solemn temples and

mighty statues of the gods, they saw sacrifices and votive offerings, religious processions and the coming and going of priests and neophytes. Ever before them were presented the great mysteries of religion, and because their neighbors did worship so regularly, it was not difficult for them to imitate their example and bow down either to the same Theban and Memphian divinities, or else ascribe honor and might to one or another of their Hebrew gods.

Here in the wilderness, however, it was different. There was nothing around them to suggest the gods, nothing they could see which might lead their thoughts to higher things. Without some center of aspiration, they were not likely to aspire; without any visible altar or house of prayer, the forms of religion were likely to pass into obsolescence and with them the desire, the spirit, from which they emanated. In short these wandering Hebrew tribes needed some statue or temple about which they could gather and have their thoughts directed upward, a symbol of their common religion, a focal center for all; otherwise they were liable to break up as a compact body and separate into petty bands, each, like our Indians of the far West, intent simply on its own welfare.

Moses realizes the situation; therefore, gathering together all the people at the base of Mt. Horeb, he instructs them to await his coming.

Then, amid the flashing of lightning and the deep muttering of the thunder, Moses climbs up into the solitary high places of that forbidding-looking mountain and remains away for a period of forty days. When he again returns to the camp he tells of the interview he has had with his God and how the Deity instructs him to build a tabernacle which can be set up and taken down according to the requirements of the journey. In time, this ideal tabernacle became a reality. Moses proved true to his vision and thus gave to his kinsfolk a center of loyalty and enthusiasm, what for them was thereafter the concrete expression of their best thought and aspiration.

. . . . . .

As it was back in the desert of Sinai so has it ever been since, so is it to-day. Our newer West parallels somewhat the country through which the Hebrews roamed and the experiences of the early settlers in Colorado, Idaho, Montana, indeed throughout the whole Rocky Mountain region, is not so unlike that of the Hebrews.

Here in America we are witnessing an exodus from the older settled states. Many young men and women are leaving behind them former associations, breaking the bonds which held them to the old home, going forth into a new land where they are free from the restraints im-

posed by society, free too, very largely, to do what they like and think what they like.

At first to a young man there is a joyousness about such newly acquired liberty, a quickening of his pulse and a development of his energy which shows itself in boundless physical activity. Everything connected with the material world interests him and takes up his attention. He gives himself eagerly to the building of railroads, to the draining of swamps, the irrigation of lands, the digging of mines, the erection of warehouses and shops; in short, along with others, he attempts to found a new and more rapidly moving civilization, making of the sterile plains and mountains about him a modern land of promise.

All this is admirable, as far as it goes, but it is not enough. Can the western young American get along without the church and all that it implies any better than could the ancient Hebrew without his tabernacle? Does not the one require as did the other a focal point, a center of aspiration? Is not the American without such a center likely to forget that there is need of prayer and worship?

Back in the old home the regular Sunday observance directed his mind to other than the ordinary work-a-day thoughts. Now how is it? What, in his new surroundings, is speaking to him of worship? What is there calling

on him to lead the higher life? Perhaps not quite the old forms will do. He has outgrown the creeds of his fathers, he does not believe in the prayer book as did his former neighbors, but he nevertheless, like them, has an inward need, and only as he enters into worship and prayer, can he hope to be led on through objective forms to the Eternal Spirit which is at the center of his being.

. . . . . .

Equally true is my statement in regard to New England, new indeed to the thousands coming to America from the Egyptian bondage of ancient ironclad usages and traditions. These modern twelve tribes, or as they prefer to call themselves, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Irish, Russians and Scandinavians, like the sons of Judah, Reuben, Dan, Ephraim, and Manasseh, need too to feel that God is here in their midst as in the old land. Too many of them have forgotten their ancient home festivals and sacred days; too many have forgotten or abandoned the forms of worship they learned in their youth time. Are they to be allowed to wander off into bleak materialism? to be given over to the blind leadings of their own animal instincts?

No, such a result, ignominious in every way, surely cannot be the intention of the Eternal Power who first said to the leaders of this Ex-

odus some 300 years ago, "Get thee up and out from the house of bondage, for I am with thee, my strength shall be sufficient for thee." It was in answer to that voice that those Puritan leaders with deepest faith in their hearts set forth on a great pilgrimage not knowing whither they went but knowing that the pillar of fire by night, the mighty moving, shifting panorama of the universe disclosed in some way the will of the Eternal God whom they were to worship and serve. So they wrought and to us, their descendants, they have bequeathed the legacy of leadership, a glorious privilege, but an awful responsibility. It is ours, I say, if we accept this legacy of leadership, to bring together all these diverse modern tribes now here on our shore, to reconcile them and weld them into a better, nobler, more divine-like social mass; but how can it be done? By any merely exterior form, symbol, temple or religion which we may have to offer? No. Their own traditions, channeled in the brain, are even stronger than were those of Reuben, Manasseh, and Dan. These traditions have been fashioned under orthodox Greek influence, under Lutheran, under Roman Catholic domination. No one tabernacle, no one form, no special ritual shall ever reunite them in one uniform Christian body.

What then are we to do? Can nothing be

put before these people which shall stand as the visible expression of the Infinite? In the old days the Tabernacle was revered and holy because it was supposed to be the habitation of Jehovah. He manifested himself in that Temple, hence it was that the exultant shout ever afterward rang forth from the Hebrew camp: Emanu El.

But is not God with us to-day as certainly as ever he was to any generation? If so, how can he be focalized? How may his presence be felt? In what form expressed so that these rough, rude modern tribes of freedmen shall see and understand?

PART II

"Which Temple ye are."

That question brings me to the deeper meaning of my sermon, to a consideration of the latter part of the verse which I have taken as my text.

The spirit of the Most High is seeking expression through us, affirms the Apostle. We are to be God's temple, we are to reveal—so that everyone shall see and understand—God's love and justice, his purity, his beneficence, his holiness.

To this and to nothing else are we called; how

otherwise can we be joint heirs with Christ, how otherwise worthy to be classed with Jesus as brethren? Was not that his mission to mankind—to reveal God?

"I speak not of myself," he declares, "but the Father which sent me He gave me a commandment what I should speak, and I know that his commandment is life everlasting. He that seeth me seeth Him that sent me."

. . . . . .

Can men recognize the divine in us? Do we reveal to them God so that knowing our lives they say, "Yes, goodness is real, honesty is a fact, purity and love do exist, for I have known them in a human being." "Not through ritual and sacrifice, not through wood and stone is the Heavenly Father to be made known, but through flesh and blood, through man—through me, through thee." So Jesus speaks. So reiterates Paul.

If you will stop and consider it, in what other manner has God ever revealed himself in the highest spiritual realms?

Without, in Nature, we see his glory, his might, his eternity, his immutableness. There we learn of law and order and movement and marvelous precision and management. It is through the human being, however, that we have learned of sympathy and piety, of mercy and benevolence, of kindly forethought and

gladness, of rapturous joy and unbounded love. It is within ourselves that the spirit speaks to our spirit saying in tenderest, holiest accent, this is my choice, be it yours also; this is nobler than that; this do and thou shalt live. Yes, within is the hidden sanctuary. There is the Shekinah—there God meets us face to face and shows to us the pattern for our lives and bids us build after that pattern. Even as to Moses of old, so to us, comes His command, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed thee."

Shall we shrink from this duty? Does it seem harder, greater than should be expected from our weakness?

So perhaps it seemed when the vision of the Tabernacle was first shown to Moses. So perhaps on that other mountain, well called the mountain of temptation, did it seem to Jesus when the voice within told him to reveal to others —not honor and power and military glory, but humility, purity, kindliness, holiness, love, God. No wonder the struggle lasted many days and many nights, before willingness came; no wonder the flesh quailed before the spirit which from that time and on was to be its master fashioning it into God's noblest temple on earth, in order that future generations beholding its perfection worshiped through it the eternal Father of all souls.

I repeat, through you, through me, God is seeking expression. He would have us his sanctuaries, through which may be disclosed to the world the divine attributes.

To many human souls in the past has he come, as to us, leading them up into the mountain of vision and whispering of an eternal plan. Thousands have listened and in obedience have tried to fashion their own lives after the divine pattern set. How poor the world would be without them. Saint, apostle, martyr, reformer, philanthropist, patriot—having known them it is easier for us to have faith and patience, for through them we see how God triumphs.

. . . . . .

There is, too, for our lives, a divine plan. The pattern has been set before us. Shall we translate it into the visible and actual? The question comes to each individually. In just the degree that we do so shall we fulfill on earth our destiny. . . .

Behold ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men that, through your good works, others may be brought to a realizing sense of their duty and through you glorify the Father.

VI

THE SAMARITAN IN A DRESS SUIT

PREACHED OCTOBER 6, 1898

When I was an hungered ye gave me meat, when I was thirsty ye gave me to drink: when I was a stranger, ye took me in; when sick ye visited me.—Matt. xxv, 35.

What most impresses me about the method adopted by Jesus to regenerate the world is its extreme simplicity. Were we unacquainted with the success of that method we should emphatically declare it to be totally inadequate for the work to be done.

Contrasting the Christian method with modern methods of reform, we see that modern methods of reform address themselves to large masses of men and women: they attempt to alter laws, remodel institutions, change the industrial situation, and bring about different exterior conditions. The method of Jesus attempts to do none of these things directly; but, instead, it seeks to avail itself of a chance here and there of touching the heart by saying some personal word, or doing some direct good, apparently ignoring

the larger considerations of community and State.

Look forth at the Roman world as Jesus saw it. What are some of the exterior conditions? First, oppression and despotism in government; second, injustice in the administration of law; third, slavery; fourth, ignorance or lack of general education; fifth, unhygienic methods of living which led to all manner of diseases; sixth, intemperance, drunkenness; seventh, lawlessness and brigandage; eighth, a growing Paganism which in Palestine showed itself in the erection of statues and temples to the Gods and in many shameless rites and processions in their honor.

A reformer coming at just that time might have addressed himself to any one of these evils. He might have preached a crusade against filth and tried to eliminate disease by arousing public attention to the need of better homes, a copious water supply and a more frequent use of the bath; or, like Socrates, he might have exerted every effort to free his people from ignorance and to point out right mental processes so that his hearers in time might become self-governing human beings: he might have planted the standard of liberty and rallied around it all those Israelites who hated the oppressors' yoke; like Wilberforce and Garrison, he might have agitated for the freedom of the

slave, or like the old prophets, Elijah and Jeremiah, all his efforts and eloquence might have gone forth in the attempt to extirpate idolatry. Important as are all these reforms we see that Jesus steadily turns from them, has little or nothing to say about them and addresses himself almost exclusively to the work of making a deep and lasting impression upon the individual heart, upon the emotional nature of a certain few persons with whom, from time to time, he is brought into contact.

Twelve poor and illiterate men get the benefit of most of his teaching and example; an unknown and obscure woman of Samaria hears from his lips one of his most spiritual discourses; two women of Bethany are favored with his presence and help; a hated Roman centurian, a dwarf of a man in Jericho, a widow of Nain, a few scribes and doctors, some demoniacs and crippled beggars are the recipients of his spiritual bounty.

It is as though Jesus had said to himself, "How under present conditions can I add most to the sum of human life? how, with oppression and injustice in high places, and slavery, drunkenness and ignorance throughout the land, can I, nevertheless, bring life, more abundant life, to the individual?"

We gather from the story of the Samaritan and indeed from the actions of the master that

the method of helping forward humanity, the method of regenerating society as he believed, is for each one to help the person nearest to him who at the time needs the help. This help must be direct, instantaneous, i.e., it must not come through agencies, clubs, organizations or substitutes of any kind, but must represent the individual touch—the hand to hand personal contact. In other words the help we give to another must mean the giving of a part of ourself, our own life.

"Love one another as I have loved you," Jesus says to his followers. How had he loved them? In direct personal service for each one of the twelve; in giving to them all he had to give, his time, his thought, his experience, his physical and spiritual vitality.

In this same way they must serve and help not primarily the far off Britons and Hindoos, but help one another. They must commence at home by caring for each other and showing to the world, through their gentleness and forbearance, what true discipleship means.

Simple and easy as this method seems at first glance, it is the least attractive for most people to-day who call themselves Christians. There is always a look of disappointment on the face of the new convert who asks for something to do when the Minister points to a very near task which waits to be done. It is easier to

raise thousands for the Japan mission than hundreds for work in the south end of Boston; easier to get teachers for the North End union than for our own Sunday school. To take care of the servant girl in our kitchen, who happens to fall sick and is in need of a mother's tenderness and pity, is not half so attractive as to volunteer to go to Santiago as an army nurse and take care of the sick and heroic soldiers.

I remember a little scene at an evening reception of a certain woman's organization that made quite an impression upon me. On a great highway from the front door to the receiving party, people passed along. By and by a plain little woman of no particular attractiveness, who had summoned up enough courage to make the journey through the rooms, came along under the full glare of the lights, where stood the lady officials. The welcome accorded her, while lacking nothing in politeness, was of the most formal character. The president, a tall, magnificent woman, superbly dressed, looked over the head of the plain sister while she was speaking, seemingly intent upon the next arrival who, on approaching, was greeted with smiles and warmth, as the little plain woman was flung off with a high stiff handshake, robbed of her small stock of confidence and courage and left half-dazed

against the wall. Various ladies passed by; but, as with the priest and the Levite, the poor sufferer received no recognition from them.

They were too much engrossed in their own affairs to pay attention to her. Shortly after, one of the most delightful, intelligent and on the whole popular society men in the city happened to pass along. He saw the poor friendless member standing there unnoticed. Comprehending the situation at a glance he stopped and commenced to talk to her; he brought something of his own cheer and magnetism to bear upon her. The rivulets of conversation were soon flowing, and all that was best within her awoke under this genial influence. Before quitting her presence he saw that she was provided with refreshments and introduced to various ones with whom she might be likely to have interests in common. I call that man a Samaritan in a dress suit and I say that his act that night was as truly Christian in its spirit and method as any he ever performed.

"In a luxurious Boston home whose invitations are not declined," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "whose hospitality is familiar to many distinguished men and women, there may be found any day mingled with the most gifted guests, plain obscure people unknown in society. I saw at a breakfast at this house the

foremost poet in the country seated next a massage rubber, a poor girl training herself for the practice of medicine and in need of two things, a good breakfast and a glimpse of the cultivated world. She had both in the Lord's name."

When I was in Denver, I happened to meet a young woman stenographer who in every way was worthy to go into society, i.e., to enjoy its opportunities and advantages. Some years before she was a school teacher in Iowa, but a feeble constitution, cold or overwork, perhaps a combination of these, planted the seeds of pulmonary disease. Ordered to Colorado, it was necessary for her to do something, so she learned typewriting. Her work gave her a scanty living. She did not complain, but I am sure no one would have enjoyed more the advantages which education and wealth bring than she. I gave her name and explained her situation to several of my church members, yet, although she attended regularly the Sunday services and came to one or two of our socials, I never heard of her being invited to any of the best homes in the parish. I know a certain shop girl who, when night comes, is all tired out by the exactions of women customers. They do not intend to be cruel, but they are simply thoughtless; they fail to see that Christian duty calls for some indulgence and pa-

tience to those who are half dead from work and who need the oil and wine of kindliness and consideration.

The Christian method does not ask you to visit far off Timbuctoo or to work among unknown fever patients. It does ask you to stretch out your sympathy and help a little way, as it were next door; it instructs you to give poor girls glimpses of your homes, of books, of the social world where there is culture and bright conversation; it tells you to help the struggling student you already know; it suggests the sympathetic word to those in sorrow; it asks you to treat with courtesy the saleswoman, to say the kindly word to the stranger who enters your pew; it commands you, if you have a house at the seashore or the mountains, to invite to it some dressmaker, teacher, or student, who otherwise would needs remain in the hot city all through the summer; or that you forego now and again the symphony or the opera so that you may give your ticket to that quiet little neighbor who has artistic tastes but no money to gratify them; but why enumerate? A hundred acts of like character will spring to your mind, if you truly wish to put into practice the Christian method.

A few words now to the young men whose minds are filled with social economic theories—

with license systems, with political primary methods, and with the other excellent theories that young business men and college men have and should have. To you I say, Go forward, work out your theories if you can, help on civic righteousness, economic justice, political virtue; but if your special reform movement seems to fail, remember that changes come slowly. Evolution is a long process; that for which you work may come to pass not in your lifetime but in the lifetime of your grandson or his son. Even if you cannot effect much in changing outward conditions, you can still be a Samaritan in a dress suit, doing in society those unnoticed little things that are like oil and wine to many a bruised heart.

I well understand that the director of vast commercial interests, the general of an army, or the President of a nation, cannot in the wider relations of life use effectively this simple Christian method, although each may be dominated by the Christian spirit; but then only one in a million ever becomes a general, only one in seventy millions the executive head of the United States. The mass of people have not the opportunities of such exceptional men. Jesus was addressing himself to the rank and file, to the ordinary person; he wished to suggest a method of action usable at any time by

those who were poor and low and ignorant, as well as by those who were rich and titled and educated, hence this method of helping by personal touch the man or woman next to us who stands in need of help.

The question which confronts each one of the thousands of plain people all over the land is not, how can I individually effect a transformation in national political methods, how can I bring about a wide embracing economic justice, how can I do away with drunkenness in the State, and with all the commercial wickedness of the world? but how can I, in my limited sphere, conditions being what they are, add to the sum of human life and bring to others something of that peace and happiness for which they long?

Jesus tells us how: first, by giving of ourselves, and, second, by giving of ourselves to those near by who need our particular individual help at the time.

At the last day the supreme question will not be, "Have you succeeded in obtaining honor, position, wealth; have you believed aright on articles of faith; have you striven to improve your minds, to attain to strength and beauty of body?" No; but the King shall say:

"Inasmuch as ye did it to this struggling student, to yonder weary dressmaker, to that

poor boy, to the obscure neighbor around the corner, to the sick friend, to the impatient child, to the old grandfather, to the least of those near by who needed your help, ye did it unto Me."

VII

REACHING FORTH AND PRESSING ON

PREACHED NOVEMBER 26, 1899 *

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God.—Phil. iii, 13, 14.

If any man had a right to look back with pride upon his past life, that man was Paul. As he sat there in his prison at Rome, writing letters to the various infant churches in Macedonia and Asia Minor, what more natural than to indulge in reminiscences, to tell of his wanderings, his imprisonment, his remarkable experiences on sea and land, or his audience with King Agrippa, with Festus? Surely, any one with such a record might well have been pardoned if he had written about himself and drawn from his personal career lessons of God's care and providence.

What I particularly like about Paul is that he is not puffed up by a sense of his own importance; he does not dwell on what he has accomplished, for every achievement is but a

* Sunday following the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration.

prelude to something better, higher, farther off. As soon as a project is brought to a successful issue, Paul puts it out of his mind, "forgets it," as it were, so that he may bend all his energies to pressing forward.

As a church, we have a record which gives us, deservedly, the right to be proud and self-congratulatory; but now the question comes, what is to be our temper of mind toward that past and the achievements of our forefathers? Are we to be contented with the position attained or does that past stimulate to renewed effort? Have we or have we not some vision continually beckoning us on and upward, such as the vision of our Puritan ancestors,—a vision of a regenerated earth, of the coming kingdom of God?

Paul in his preaching clearly shows us that all one's toil and work will come to naught if there is not in mind some definite goal.

What shall be our ultimate goal?

What better than that which our Puritan ancestors put before themselves as the one thing worthy of accomplishment?

If there is a historical fact well settled, it is the purpose which animated our forefathers, the reason why they left England and came to this bleak and desolate coast of New England. They came here, not as did the French Jesuits to Canada, because their hearts were

aflame with a desire to save souls, nor like missionaries, because they had some special creed or doctrine which they wished to preach to every living creature on the face of the earth; but they came because they had a certain theory of government, a certain rule of conduct, a certain very definite idea of life. They were intent upon establishing here a Puritan commonwealth, "a Church without a bishop, a State without a king." To put it in a sentence, they wanted to establish here the commonwealth of God.

Can we put before *ourselves* a more worthy object?

Suppose you agree with me that to try to establish here in Massachusetts, in Boston, the kingdom of God, is an aim quite worthy enough for which to strive. See how that at once simplifies our future church policy.

Hereafter we can listen with respect and sympathy to far-off missionary appeals for help, to those who believe our chief duty is to spread the gospel in Japan, in the hills of India, in Hungary, among the Molokains of the Trans-Caucasus; but to one and all such appeals we can kindly, but firmly, return the answer: "This is not our direct work, not the especial thing for which we were founded. We wish you God-speed in your efforts, but we cannot turn aside to do your particular

work. Our duty is to reach forth and press onward toward our own special goal."

This, too, separates our pulpit from those given over to the promulgation of some particular creed, and, as a consequence, will keep us from theological controversy and ecclesiastical strife. "No," we can say to our more zealous denominational friends, "our chief work is not, as you think, to combat wrong doctrine. Speculation, philosophy, metaphysics in a way are implied in the very fact that we are a church, but we were not founded to preach some certain theory of the universe. If we did, then that theory in time might pass away, as did the theory of the universe preached by Cotton Mather; or, if we maintained some particular type of metaphysics then that too would become obsolete as have the systems of past centuries. No, the Second Church was founded, as its covenant states, because its incorporators desired God to dwell among them and to acknowledge them as His people, and, further, so that God's kingdom and grace *might be advanced by* them." Again, we can say, as did they:

We desire God to dwell among us.

We pray that by the character of our lives He may own us as His people; and

We resolve that God's kingdom and grace shall be advanced by us.

The practical member right here naturally asks, "In what way do you think the Second church in Boston can best advance God's kingdom and grace?"

Before we attempt to answer, let us look at one or two features connected with our 250th anniversary celebration.

Did you notice—but of course you must—how, by a sort of intuitive feeling, all the speakers singled out three epochs in the life of the church. Those three epochs are connected with the names of three ministers,—Increase Mather, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Henry Ware, Jr.

For what did those three men especially stand? Increase Mather was not as great a preacher as his son; Emerson was one of the poorest pastors, and Henry Ware, Jr., could not rank with Lathrop as a controversialist, nor, indeed, with those who came after him as a public speaker. Why, then, by common consent, are these three ministers singled out from all the rest as representative?

I think you will agree once again with me when I say that Increase Mather is not remembered to-day for his preaching,—for much of it was rubbish,—nor is he remembered by his books and literary productions,—for those books are consigned to the upper shelf and never read. But he *is* remembered with re-

spect and admiration because of his courage, of that highest kind of courage,—*moral* courage.

Let any one of you put yourself in his place, and ask what, under the same circumstances, you would have done in those momentous days when the independence of the Massachusetts Colony hung in the balance, and you will realize more vividly the amount of soul bravery it required on Mather's part to risk his position, his influence with the ruling powers, his very life, as he did for the civic independence of his native town.

Come now to Emerson. What was the distinct note in his preaching?

In his essay on Self-Reliance are these words: "Never imitate: abide in the simple and noble regions of your life. Obey your heart, and you shall reproduce the foreworld again?"

Emerson helps to give us confidence in ourselves—makes us appreciate how noble and God-like we are. His is distinctly a message of cheer. When you have once read his essay on Compensation you feel from then on, no matter what be taken, that you are not utterly bereft; for something else of equal virtue and profit has been slipped into the vacant place.

Cheer and hope! Those two words characterize the message of Emerson,—cheer and

hope. Do you think the time will ever come when men and women will not want to be cheered and inspired to greater things, or when they will not want to be lifted up by a great hope, which whispers to them of their immortality and kinship with the Eternal God?

And what of Henry Ware, Jr.? What especially distinguished his pastorate? We are told that during the time he was minister the Second Church knew a distinct revival, and attained as great strength as during the best period of the Mathers. How was this revival brought about? In his memoirs I find, among other characterizations, this, which I believe correct: "Mr. Ware had an entire sympathy with and love of mankind under all circumstances and conditions, with all degrees of cultivation, and with every variety of moral character." "Mr. Ware," says another writer, "was the embodiment of sympathy. When with him, all sorts and conditions of men forgot their differences, and were made one in a common fellowship."

There, in those last words, you have the secret. Mr. Ware was able to establish a common fellowship. In a period when social differences were accentuated, at a time when class distinctions divided men, Mr. Ware broke down such arbitrary differences, and through Christian fellowship united all his people on

the one great plane of human brotherhood.

Courage, cheer, fellowship,—for these three qualities do we especially remember Mather, Emerson, and Ware; these are the characteristics which they contributed to the stream of Second Church life, and these are the ideal qualities which must still be embodied in the teachings and articles of the Second Church if it desires successfully to go forward into the twentieth century.

We are ready, now, to answer the question, "In what way can this church best advance God's kingdom and grace here in Boston?"

First, we should say, in not limiting our interests to those things which simply affect our own personal life and prosperity, but in being interested in every civic matter which makes for a healthy municipality. This pulpit, the members of this church, must be awake to the duties of *citizenship*. As a church, we must work for good government, for an honest administration, for a clean and intelligent democracy. This means an interest in our public schools, in our libraries and art galleries, in our highways and common parks, in our water supply and gas supply, in our philanthropic and charitable institutions. Not now, as when Increase Mather lived, does a king threaten our liberties; but none the less are those liber-

ties in peril from political wire-pullers and conscienceless corporations.

Again, we wish to raise up laymen and ministers who, if needs be, are willing to stand in the legislative hall or in the council chamber, and boldly say, as did Increase Mather, when an iniquitous measure is likely to be passed, "I hope there is not a freeman in Boston that can be guilty of such a thing."

This pulpit in the coming years, if it follow in the true line of progress, must be dedicated to affirmations. As in Emerson's day, it must affirm that God is, that he is here and now in our souls, that we are God's sons and daughters, and have within ourselves infinite possibilities. The gospel sounding forth from Sunday to Sunday needs to be shot through with hope and cheer,—an immortal hope, a cheer because of what we can do, what we are, and what we are to become. Because of the message thus delivered, every man should leave this building with a more buoyant step than when he entered, and with a higher opinion of his own capabilities,—yes, with a higher, a loftier conception of his fellow-man and of the God-like qualities of his nature.

Lastly, because of the feeling of fellowship thus engendered, every man and every woman entering our doors should feel that here earthly distinctions of station, wealth, culture, and of-

ficial position are ignored; that for a short hour, at least, we meet on an equal footing.

Will it be said that I have narrowed the channel of progress and limited to local bounds the work this church ought to do?

I grant that in certain directions I would so limit our efforts, but only because I am anxious that we gain in intensity and have singleness of aim. . . .

Here is a lighthouse keeper. A certain amount of oil is intrusted to his care. What shall he do? Divide it so that it may be enough for many little flickering lights, or keep it intact in his one lamp, and then, courageously mounting the steps of the tower, place his one lamp in the focus of the lens, so that its light may stream forth to illuminate the darkness of a treacherous coast?

To us has been intrusted this time-honored institution, this Second Church, which, like a tower of strength, stands forth in the community. What shall we do with our power, with our light, with the illuminating oil? Divide it or concentrate it?

Let us with Saint Paul say, "This one thing I do."

From our point of vantage we will flash forth our signals.

God's in the heavens.
Man is his child.
There is a harbor of refuge.
Courage!
In time it may be reached.

Possibly some tired and disheartened mariner on the sea of life, seeing that signal, may take new courage. In the night of storm and darkness he may not know whither he is drifting, but just at the moment of worst discouragement, through the gloom and fog of his unbelief, there may stream forth our light of faith and cheer. That message will be understood; it will bring to his heart new hope, new determination. Because of our signals he, with others, will once again steer in the right direction and eventually reach the harbor of peace, where with the redeemed he shall know the joy of those who look upon the face of the Father and hear the words, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my Son."

VIII

CALVINISTIC COMMERCIALISM

PREACHED NOVEMBER 11, 1900

Beloved now are we the sons of God.—John iii, 2.
Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. xiii, 10.

It is popular just now to say that Calvinism is dead; but what is dead, Calvinistic theology or its influence, the good or the bad side? for Calvinism had a very good and helpful side; otherwise it would not have been the dominating force it was. As a theological system, it may be true that Calvinism has passed away, but it is far from dead as a mode of thought, and under a new name it still powerfully influences men's actions.

Before proceeding with our subject let us consider briefly the grandeur and glory of Puritan belief.

Our New England ancestors started out with the firm assumption that God rules in the heavens, on the earth, in the lowest depths of hell. Imagination cannot picture the awful power, the infinite knowledge of this eternal one. Meteors and comets flash through the

sky like balls of fire in His dread hand; lightning and frost and heat and cold come and go at His command; galaxies of planets burn and shimmer in the firmament, yet these to Him are not of primary importance. No; above and beyond all else in worth, immeasurably more priceless than any conceivable thing, stands man. For man's sake was earth created; for man's sake the joy and beauty of the Garden of Eden; for man, although through his own sin he fell from grace, there was nevertheless conceived and carried out the most sublime, the most tender, and yet the most awe-inspiring plan of salvation possible even for the divine mind to formulate. It was nothing less than for God himself to take upon himself the form and guise of earthy man, to be born into the world, here to live and suffer and teach, and by and by to be rejected by many of those whom His loving heart had yearned to save, finally to be ignominiously crucified while all nature in sympathy mourned, while the very dead in their graves awoke, and the angels of paradise turned away their looks in pure pity and sorrow from Mount Calvary.

A human soul! To save it even the Triune God of the universe must suffer. A human soul! If faithful, even high heaven itself is an abode none too good; if oblivious to all that God in His great power and mercy has done

for it, then even the most terrifying portion of night and hell is none too awful for it to be consigned. Puritanism made the whole drama of the universe center about a human soul.

If Calvinism had stopped here it would have been an interpretation of Christianity which would have aroused the emotions and led to exalted actions. Unfortunately it supplemented its basic principle by the following dogma: "God by an eternal decree hath chosen some men to eternal life and also hath passed by and foreordained the rest to dishonor and death."

What agony of mind and cruelty of act lay hidden in those few and seemingly simple lines. Each believer was forced to ask himself the question, "Am I among the 'some' who are chosen for eternal life, or am I foreordained to be lost?" Who were the elect? There was the frightful uncertainty. Fortunately the Revolutionary War brought other ideas. The patriots who fought for the principle that all men are created free and equal could not at the same time give allegiance to a religious dogma that stamped men as unequal, that doomed many of them to unhappiness and eternal damnation. Preachers rose up who affirmed that the Lord God did not recognize earthly distinctions, for all were equally God's children. Such preaching, such teaching, led to widespread humanitarian effort, to the enlarge-

ment of educational opportunities, to the organization of benevolent societies, hospitals, institutes and insane asylums; in fact, the whole American missionary movement to India, to China, to the South Sea Islands, owes its existence to the underlying principle which Calvinism, on its helpful side, more than any other Protestant system, states so dramatically,—the doctrine of the immeasurable worth of every human soul.

We appear now to be returning to the Calvinistic dogma of election and predestination; at least many political speakers, editors, authors, and merchants seem to entertain it, even if ministers do not.

What effect upon the disposition, the character, of strict Calvinists was there noticeable because of the literal acceptance of the doctrine of foreordination?

First, it made them *narrow in their sympathies;* at times even cruel to innocent and defenseless persons. To the Quaker, to the Episcopalian, to those of differing beliefs, the Calvinist was too likely to say in effect, "The Almighty hath already chosen you to dishonor and wrath; this being so, why should we show you mercy? Your eternal destiny is already settled; therefore we will have none of you."

Second, this doctrine of foreordination, of predestination, made its adherents *arrogant.*

"We are the Lord's people, His elect; therefore we are the custodians of His truth. We will have none of your liturgies and feast days and symbols; they are of the devil. We, the Lord's chosen ones, are especially selected to found His kingdom here on earth, to set up the eternal commonwealth."

The third characteristic, which naturally grew out of the belief that the Calvinists were God's chosen people, as Israel was of old, was an *assumption* of rights when dealing with what were supposed to be weaker and inferior races.

One need simply to study the relations of Indian and white man, or of Frenchman and Englishman, through the wars of pre-Revolutionary days to note with what superiority of tone the Calvinist spoke, and with what assumption he went forth to hew down Gog and Magog, the children of darkness, as he called both his red brother and his Gallic neighbor. I appreciate the noble exceptions, but I am not now speaking of exceptions. I am talking of the general rule.

Once again are these characteristics of narrowness in sympathy, arrogance of manner, and assumption of rights showing themselves, not, however, among distinctively church people, but among commercial people. The doctrine of predestination and election has simply

transferred its seat of influence from ecclesiastical councils to government cabinets, and from the preacher's study to industrial counting rooms.

Take these extracts, one from a speech made on our industrial position, one from a well-known book on social evolution and one from a work on Anglo-Saxon superiority; do they not all sound forth a note of assertiveness and narrowness of sympathy which reminds one of the palmy days of Calvinistic theology?

"There can be no question," says the writer on social evolution, "as to the absolute ascendency in the world to-day of the western peoples and of western civilization. There has been no period in history when this ascendency has been so unquestionable and so complete as in the time in which we are living. No one can doubt that it is within the power of the leading European governments, should they so desire, to parcel out the entire equatorial regions of the earth and to administer their resources." Apparently, then, it is only a question of desire, not of right.

Here is the second extract:

"Only the race possessing in the highest degree the qualities which contribute to social efficiency can be recognized as having any claim to superiority; that race to-day is the Anglo-Saxon race."

"Where seven empires meet," says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, "is the battleground on which will be fought out the great racial struggle of the future and the economic struggle of the present. The foremost problem to-day is the commercial one, because everybody says that but for its commercial potentiality China would not be worth a foreign office dispatch."

For blunt brutality this *Nineteenth Century* article takes precedence. The problem to-day is not humanitarian, not whether men shall be made happier and better, whether our Anglo-Saxon civilization shall be fraught with good to those to whom it comes. No; the problem is a business one and we are interested in China because it opens up business opportunities. Were it not for that "China would not be worth a foreign dispatch."

One would imagine that the modern commercial enthusiast, like his seventeenth century Calvinistic brother, looked forth upon the present conditions and thought of them all as stupendously planned for the Anglo-Saxon race; for without the Anglo-Saxon this earth were void, progress a mere name, and civilization lacking in meaning. What is the result?

A narrowness in sympathy, to begin with, towards the efforts, the beliefs, and the civilization of so-called inferior races which exactly

approximates to the narrowness in sympathy shown in Endicott's or Mather's time.

Take, for instance, in the case of the Chinese. Our modern Calvinistic commercialism treats the beliefs and customs of this venerable nation in nearly the same spirit noticeable in former Calvinistic Puritanism toward Roman Catholic beliefs.

In this year of grace 1900 a supposed Christian magazine can say, "The Chinese possess no religion . . . their only worship the worship of ancestors. . . . They are therefore without progress . . . aspiration. Imagine the conservatism of the French peasant, the Latin prejudice against the Anglo-Saxon cult, the superstitious rancor of the mediæval Spanish priesthood and the intolerance of the Russian bureaucrat all combined to resist change and you have a faint conception of the forces in China leagued against civilization."

Can narrowness of sympathy go much further?

An impartial statement of facts such as was published last week and confirmed by the former minister of Germany to Pekin, tells us that in laying out the proposed railroad through Shantung the engineers became offended at protesting villagers who prayed that the sacredness of their parents' graves be re-

spected, and, ordering up an armed force, they completely exterminated the village as a warning to others.

European trade needs to be encouraged; therefore Chinese ports must be seized. It is foreordained that Russia shall be a great commercial nation; therefore is there a strong military movement into Manchuria. The Germans are predestined to a glorious business future; therefore it is excusable for the German soldiery to shoot down harmless coolies along the banks of the Pei Ho river.

What is the value of getting rid of the doctrine of predestination in theology if it is simply to reappear in a more heartless, more cruel form in commercialism?

The new adherents of this doctrine sum it up in this wise: "The power of evolution by an eternal decree hath chosen some nations to continuous business success, and also hath passed by and foreordained the rest to dishonor and wrath. We (i.e., Germany, England, Russia, America) are the chosen nations; evolution has entrusted to us the work of forcing our commercialism upon every tribe, clan, people, upon the face of the earth. We must not falter in our duty, even though it require a million bayonets and cost a sea of blood."

Shame on our boasted Christianity if now after 1900 years it has developed no higher

ethnic morality than is shown in modern Calvinistic commercialism. The new century is opening. Once again let the true, the real basic principle of Calvinism be emphasized. Let it be seen that for man's sake earth was created with its beauty and grandeur; for man was there conceived and carried out a most inspiring plan of growth and development; for man there was reserved the scepter of power by and because of which he is to rule as God's beloved son. A human soul! It is indeed of priceless value, for if faithful to its highest instincts and noblest aspirations even heaven itself is an abode none too good for it.

But let it also be seen that the immortal soul, which in God's good time is to be brought to perfection, is not simply your soul or my soul or the Anglo-Saxon soul, but it is, as well, our neighbor's soul, be he of black skin, red skin, or brown skin; be he follower of Confucius or worshiper at the shrine of Siva, Lao Tse or Buddha. "All souls are mine," saith the Lord. Yes, all souls are thine, O our Heavenly Father, and we are all members of one great family. Help us then to look to Thee, to remember that Thou art no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that revereth Thee and worketh righteousness is accepted with Thee.

IX

THE GAIN IN THE SENSE OF REALITY

PREACHED JANUARY 6, 1901

My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God.—Psalm lxxxiv, 2.

Beloved now are we sons of God.—I John iii, 2.

If I had been asked at the beginning of the year to state in a few words the general drift of the many and diverse influences at work during the nineteenth century, I should have been at a loss for an inclusive sentence. Indeed, I am not sure that I had any definite thought on the subject. In looking out over the field of art, of science, of literature, of economics, the forces at work have seemed so contradictory and their product so complex that one might well be pardoned if he stood confused when attempting to realize to his own mind exactly what all these influences and forces meant.

In that simple way in which often there is so much wisdom, Rev. Dr. Hale arose at the watch meeting held at the State House on the last night of 1900 and, as the old year was expiring, said, "Let us sing 'Nearer My God to Thee,' for that expresses what the nineteenth

century has been attempting to do." Yes, in these words of the hymn we have the keynote of the past century. In this desire to get nearer to reality, nearer to God, to understand the heart of things, can be interpreted all the attempts, all the experiments, all the undertakings, of the many thousands of human beings who have toiled and struggled and reasoned and wrote and worked during these past hundred years.

In the last eighty or ninety years men have been filled with a passion for investigation. They have grown tired of fancies—of mere imaginings based on no actual knowledge. Consequently they have longed for reality—to see and know things as they are. To put it into religious language, the search of scientific men has been for God, for the living God who is the one eternal reality.

Out from all the research and labors of those who have thought and toiled during the nineteenth century to learn the truth, there has come at last the general acceptance of the fact that God is the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. His relation to the universe is analogous to the spirit of man to his body, instead of the engineer to his engine. In other words, God is not outside but within the world, the life of life, the soul of souls; consequently whether within us or with-

out us, "in the distant stellar spaces or in the self-conscious life we are in one divine embrace."

As never before, scientists have made us appreciate the reality of those words uttered by the psalmist, "If I ascend up into heaven Thou art there; if I make my bed in hades behold, Thou art there! if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. The darkness hideth not from Thee! the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."

. . . . . .

Not only in the realm of science but as well in the domain of art and literature have we been approaching reality.

Ask any experienced painter, sculptor or author what has been the most noticeable tendency among artists or writers—say within the last sixty or seventy years—and he will tell you that the most noticeable change has been from the artificial to the natural; from things as they were imagined to things as they are.

"Fidelity to truth" was the watchword of Corot. In speaking of his pictures he said, "There is something higher than a poetical interpretation of nature, and that is a truthful

interpretation." Compared with the eighteenth, the nineteenth century should be recognized as a period when mere conventional forms and classic subjects largely disappeared. Millet shows us the pathos in actual everyday peasant's work. Rousseau makes us see light and shade as they are on field and wood, while Veretschagen strips the battlefield and war of its false glamor and lets us know all its horrid and repulsive cruelty. Here in our own country in the sculptured works of St. Gaudens, of French, of Ward and of McMonnies we have the element of naturalness and accuracy, while on the canvas of a Sargent or a Whistler can be seen fidelity to reality and sincerity to truth. In architecture the same tendency is equally noticeable. We are beginning to erect public buildings which show for what they are, and may be characterized as simple and durable.

In literature we have our most striking illustrations of the newer passion for reality—for truth. Realism, the depicting of things as they are, is no more characteristic of the Russian novelists than of the French or English. We may learn of actual American life just as well from Howells as of Russian life from Tolstoi, and no better pictures of English country life can be found than those word paintings of George Eliot. While the scientists have been

telling us of nature's laws and ways, of order and rhythm and movement, the nineteenth century poets have been interpreting the spiritual meaning of this order and rhythm; Tennyson, William Morris, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Browning, have taught us to see God in and through His works. They have made nature aflame with the living God.

The greatest triumphs for reality, it seems to me, have been won in the wide field of anthropology, in the knowledge of man's origin, history, structure, nature and possibility.

If you had asked a typical clergyman of the eighteenth century, say the fearless and patriotic Mr. Lathrop, who was minister of this Second Church in Boston through the period of the Revolutionary War, to tell you something about man's origin and nature, he would have told you in all probability that the human race started from Adam and Eve, the first man and first woman who were created; he would have said that because of the sin of Adam and Eve, evil and death came into the world; man lost the high nature with which he was originally endowed, or in theological phrase "fell from grace" and could be saved, i.e., could be rescued from the consequences of his fall in but one way, by a certain "plan of redemption" which had been revealed to the world some eighteen centuries before.

I need not here relate all the steps which have been taken in this last century in order to ascertain the truth. The epoch steps are sufficient to name. In 1830 Sir Charles Lyell published his great work on geology which familiarized thoughtful men with the truth that the world was far more ancient than the writer of Genesis had supposed; then came the achievements in archæology by which Egyptian hieroglyphics and Assyrian inscriptions were deciphered, and the fact was made patent that the human race had been upon the earth long before the supposed planting of the garden of Eden; then came Charles Darwin's book on the origin of species, published in 1859, which gave an entirely different conception of creation and opened up a new view of the relation which man sustains to the creative power. Almost simultaneously with this new view of creation came the startling discovery of physicists, called the conservation of energy, which revealed the fact that all the forces of nature are in essence simply manifestations of one eternal reality; that nothing can be added to nor taken from this reality. Do we say heat, do we say sound, or chemical action, electrical action, magnetic action? We are simply using phrases to express different vibrations, different velocities, different manifestations of the all-pervading and eternal One.

The new thought of man which has resulted from this approach to reality is what?

That man is essentially akin to God, or, as the Apostle puts it, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Within us there are the dormant possibilities if not the actual faculties of divinity. Yes, for in the Lord we "live and move and have our being."

Then if we are of like essence, if we too are spirit, we must share in the creative power of God.

Yes, it is even so.

Does this stupendous thought come to you as something which I alone promulgate? Then again listen to the Apostle when he says: "All things are yours, whether of Paul or Apollo or Cephas; whether of the world or life or death, or of things present or things to come—all are yours."

We who look so weak, so mean, so mortal; we who at times act so selfishly, so passionately; we who fight and curse and agonize and die, we are God's children, partaking of His power, sharing in His eternal kingdom, fashioners with Him of this world. Oh! the pity of it all that we do not even yet fully recognize our birthright. Oh! the pathos of it all that only now and again we realize our power. Oh! the

shame of it all that so many of us are simply content to eat and sleep and plod and seek and to remain on the plane of the animal when we might rise even to the heights of the Divine.

The kind of salvation we require is to be saved from the worst in ourselves, from the vices that would plunge us headlong into the pit and make us forget forever the God part of our natures—the immortal, spiritual part.

. . . . . .

The first great thought of the nineteenth century, I told you, was the thought of law, the thought that everywhere in the far-off worlds of the sky, as well as in the tiniest dust atoms, there is regularity, order, right movement.

The second great thought of the nineteenth century has been the thought of progress, of evolution. We do not live in a passive world, a completed world, but in an active, growing and progressive one.

This same progress applies to man, combinations and recombinations of societies and states and nations, *but always movement, the forward, upward movement.* In the long ages back of us the higher qualities, what I call soul attributes, commenced to appear. These soul attributes are now struggling for supremacy. In some natures they attain a scale of perfection which calls for the admiration of the

world. Such indeed are the prophets, the philanthropists, who make it easier for you and for me, for all of us to climb up and along the road from animality to pure and noble manhood and womanhood.

What, then, is the moral struggle? temptation? It is the battle between our heredity, which is essentially brutish, and the God-given part, which is immortal.

Redemption will be a fact when we have won the victory over the lower part, when we have emerged from the imperfect, when we have evolved from the animal into the spiritual stage.

Marvelous aspiration is this! Yet no more than the Apostle John possessed when he said, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when He shall appear we know we shall be like Him." Limitless inspiration! Yes, but no greater than that possessed by Apostle Paul when he said, "For eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Oh, you who have the twentieth century before you, you who have received this priceless legacy of knowledge, of inspiration, of reality from the nineteenth century, I bid you hope, I bid you aspire, I bid you believe that by the power of God in you you may in

time conquer temptation and sloth and sickness and sin as now you conquer the hills and the plains and the sea and make all the trials of life work to your advantage, and all the adverse experiences contribute to your growth, until finally you win heaven and home, and hear the glad, grand words:

"He that hath overcome shall inherit all things and I will be his God and he shall be my well beloved son."

X

THE TALENTED MAN

PREACHED JANUARY 12, 1902

And unto one he gave five talents.—Matt. xxv, 15.

"All the world loves a lover." Equally true is it that "all the world loves a successful man."

To be born to the purple is in many ways an advantage. People are predisposed to like a Prince, hence he starts on the pathway of life with a certain momentum not possessed by the less fortunate commoner. The five-talent servant in our parable finds himself at the start in a superior position. Freedom of opportunity is his: he can do what he likes, when he likes. With this freedom goes ample financial resource. What more can be asked?

Though not apparent, it is just here at the beginning of his career and in these very advantages that the danger lurks. Knowing no compelling power, driven by no immediate necessity, the temptation is strong to dawdle, to put off energetic action and enjoy the delights of the present. No stern truth is spoken in

the ear of the five-talent man. Wherever he goes he is received with deference. Strong indeed, therefore, must be the inner compelling power if he is to be kept from dissipating his energies.

The average person hardly appreciates how numerous are the allurements to lead a richly endowed man from the path of rectitude. These enticements come in every form. They may be good or they may be bad, but the effect upon him is the same. They distract attention, use up his time, blunt the keenness of his purpose. From many of these seductive temptations the one-talent man is saved by his very obscurity. No one brings to him schemes of investment; no one with plausible words tries to get his name loaned to some doubtful enterprise. From morning until night—and late into the night—his senses, his tastes, are not assailed, like his seemingly more fortunate neighbor. He at least is free from the majority of these financial, social and moral perils.

A further disadvantage about the five-talent man's position is that because of his station or wealth, he is led to believe that the respect paid him or the adulation of which he is the recipient is his because of intrinsic merit; the truth is it is rendered largely because of the things of which he is possessed, the crown, the

regalia, the money-bags. Consequently an exaggerated sense of importance is likely to take hold of him, an undue estimate of his worth.

The ordinary man touches reality quickly: he is not allowed to live long in the dreamland of his own importance. Soon is he made to realize by the slight social recognition, or by the indifference with which his best efforts are received that he is considered of no particular consequence to the world. Although such an awakening from youthful illusions is not pleasant, it is nevertheless a prerequisite for success. Then, too, the ordinary man is free from the temptation to become self-willed. Rank, wealth, power, as time goes on, are likely to make their possessors proud and opinionated. The gentler virtues, modesty, kindliness, and brotherliness, are not so likely to thrive where small restraint needs to be put upon the natural inclinations; hence we seldom look to the wealthy manufacturer, the aristocratic nobleman or the brilliant author for our best examples of tender, sympathetic manhood. Our five-talent man of the parable is, happily, able by the strength of his inner purpose to rise above the weakness and perils of his conspicuous position: he holds true to the one desire to double the talents entrusted to him.

"After a long time," so the story runs, the

owner of the money returns and reckons with his servants.

"After a long time," it must be so; for success cannot be won in a day. To deliver a sermon before ten thousand people is a privilege, but the preparation for it is in conscientiously serving behind the Carpenter's bench in Nazareth until the 30th birthday has come; to carve an immortal statue of the Faun or of Moses means long years of careful attention to details; indeed one of the noticeable characteristics of a really great man is his ability to attend to numerous details and his appreciation of their importance.

The right of the talented man to receive large rewards and public praise is sometimes enviously questioned.

"Why shouldn't he have done well?" is asked concerning a successful merchant; "anyone with the same amount of money could have reaped just as large a profit." "I don't see much glory in its victory; what admiral could not have destroyed the enemy's fleet with such fine battleships."

The master knows, even though his various servants do not know, that it is just as difficult to win with five talents, to double them, as to win with two or one,—perhaps more difficult.

Why? Because to the highly endowed man there come so many bewildering temptations at

the start which do not come to his neighbors. "There is no need for you to work," "enjoy yourself," "you are sure to win," "plenty of time," so the beguiling voices continually try to lull to sleep the ambitious energies of every young man or woman conspicuously placed. Necessity, on the other hand, drives the average man to work, so that eventually from no virtue of his, perhaps, but from sheer inability to help it, the average man finds himself a winner on life's race-track. Then, too, there is the added difficulty of not knowing in exactly what direction to work, to invest one's five talents.

A brilliant young man feels he can do so many things, go into business, play the violin, write poetry, become an artist, a financier, that he hardly knows just what to do. Here is young Richard Wagner able to write political articles; within him there stirs the enthusiasm of a patriotic reformer. Shall he give his life to Germany's liberation? He knows too that he can compose music of a divine-like quality. Shall he spend all his time in doing that? He is capable of compiling from old legends dramatic stories any one of which as literature may win him fame. Shall he devote his abilities to poetry and song? What is his true bent? In what direction shall he work?

If there is likelihood of failure along one

line, then the danger is increased along several lines. One investment may turn out well, but the chances are against five turning out well. If we look upon the talents as qualities of mind and disposition, i.e., if we think of them as insight, good nature, balance, open-mindedness, etc., the truth is the same. The merchant known to be worth a large sum, going into the market place, has, it is true, an advantage over his less wealthy rival if he know what to buy and its real worth. Ah! there's the difficulty; the very magnetism of the money the merchant carries about draws to him all the shrewd and enterprising traders in the market place and fortunate indeed can he consider himself if he be not confused by their many plausible arguments and made to buy some specious article which as time goes on he finds he does not want. Granting that through careful and conscientious study of conditions he escape this danger, there is still the secondary danger of loss if he invest. The one talent safely hidden in the ground or in the security vaults of a bank is there to-day and can be reckoned with to-morrow. Not so the two and one-half talents invested in manufacturing, the half talent put into mining, the talent and a half embarked in commerce and the remaining half talent loaned on seemingly good collateral. Each of these various under-

takings requires good management and constant watchfulness.

Antonio is a rich man, yet Shylock is right when he says "his means are in supposition, he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, a third at Mexico, a fourth for England and other ventures. . . . But ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves . . . then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."

Yes, innumerable perils to scatter and destroy the best invested securities, and to cause wearing and absorbing anxiety to their possessor. Though a man's money or his social and political influence and high station allow him to go abroad, to visit great cities, to see the marvels of scenery, he nevertheless cannot free himself by change of place from his various financial ventures or from his official obligations. Like a haunting phantom the fear of loss goes ever with him, robbing him of that happiness which by virtue of his station seems to be rightfully his.

Said President McKinley: "Any one who has borne the anxieties and burdens of the presidential office cannot contemplate assuming it without profoundly realizing the severe exactions and solemn obligations which it imposes."

"Solemn obligations," "severe exactions." Yes, these have to be borne by our five-talent man. As he rises to prominence his cares correspondingly increase, and his freedom diminishes. As never before he has to take into account his every word and action. The talented or wealthy person is seldom pitied though often envied. Who thinks of sympathizing with Mr. Rockefeller or Mrs. Humphrey Ward or Lord Roseberry? Who proffers friendly help out of mere good heart to Mr. Andrew Carnegie or the capable President of the Pennsylvania Railroad?

No! the five-talent man must forego sympathy and that open true hearted spontaneous comradeship which a less favored person obtains. Never can he be sure that the many who speak his name so respectfully are really friends, never can he hope for the quiet, the freedom from responsibility which he knew before success came to him.

The Master knows this. He is a righteous and all comprehensive judge, hence he breaks forth into admiration and praise, calling his steward a "good man," a "faithful man" and cheerfully testifying that what he has done has been well done and worthy of the highest reward.

I mentioned the temptation to become arrogant and self-willed which comes to the five-

talent man. As part of this arrogance is the assertion sometimes made by the successful man that what he possesses is his own. "I owe society nothing." "I have a right to do what I please with my own." Such expressions show how easy it is for anyone of us to delude himself into the belief that what he has accumulated is his through his own unaided effort. Notice that the five-talent steward when his Lord appears at once acknowledges not only that the original five talents are held in trust but further that the duplicate sum earned through his own thrift and energy equally belong to the master.

"Thou deliverest unto me five talents; behold I have gained besides them five talents more."

Here is no claim to exclusive possession. Implied in the steward's statement is the confession of the fact that so large a sum would never have been made and could not have been made without the initial favor of the master.

What are we? Five- or two- or one-talent men and women? If by God's goodness we have been given ability and rank or if, united to a good physique, we have the further talents of a quick intelligence, a pleasing address, social prestige and a historic name, what are we doing with these five gifts? We have seen the temptations that assail the favored servant, do they assail us as well? If a reck-

oning had to be made at this moment, what could we say of ourselves? The good physique of youth, how about that? Have we preserved and strengthened it so that it can be said we have a vigorous constitution? The quick intelligence. Has that talent been kept bright and keen? Are we more intelligent, more capable than formerly? The winning smile, has it faded away? The courteous manner, has it been transformed into impolite indifference? The good name, bequeathed by parents and grandparents, what of it? Is it stained by immorality, tarnished by dishonesty, or has it become a synonym for modest sensibility, integrity, purity and sterling good citizenship?

If, like the New Testament steward, we have really tried to use each gift entrusted to us worthily and faithfully, then let us go forward with courage, for we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that "the righteous judge who judgeth all aright" understands and appreciates, and we may be also sure that he will increase unto us blessing and honor, for "to him that overcometh and keepeth my commands unto the end," so it is written in the immutable decrees, "to him I will give of my power."

XI

THE MASTERY OF POWER

PREACHED FEBRUARY 15, 1903

Let man have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.—Gen. i, 26.

Possibly many of us are acquainted with the juvenile rhymes that tell of the little boy who wishes he were a sea pirate, an Indian, a soldier, prize fighter, or some one else equally forceful and terrible.

Parents are often discouraged or alarmed to see cropping out in their mild-faced boy of seven or eight strong admirations for buccaneers, prize fighters, baseball champions and savages, but there is really no cause for the mother to feel alarmed if she but stop to consider what it is which holds enthralled the admiration of her child. It is not the love of blood or pain or mere brutality which attracts him, but the evidence of power, the open manifestation of physical activity.

The love for forceful action is one of the deep instincts in humanity. It is the display of physical vigor, in the pirate, in the soldier,

in the Indian, I repeat, which holds enthralled the admiration of the small boy. It is this which he desires to imitate.

This desire to exercise power, to wield influence, to give expression to inner impulses, is the very sentiment which in later life perhaps will manifest itself in business enterprises, in the putting forth of the strength of will along commercial lines, and in the taming of Nature's gigantic forces, such as steam, dynamite, electricity.

I remember standing one day on the top of a spur or foothill of the Rocky Mountains and looking down over the Boulder Valley and the tawny plains that stretched interminably eastward. Now and again along one of the roads could be seen, crawling like small insects, farm teams, cattle tenders on horseback, or pedestrians. How insignificant, how powerless, appeared man from this distance, especially when compared to the great natural forces all around me. Yonder was the rushing stream, bearing on its surface heavy logs and pieces of timber; near by were the jagged granite cliffs that had stood for ages, and beyond, the vast stretches of mesa and open plain, the same yesterday, to-day, perhaps forever. Yes, superficially contrasted, man was as nothing to his environment and yet, yet, stored up in him, hidden away in the gray matter of his brain,

pulsing along the nerves of his body, was a force, an energy immeasurably greater than all the forces around me, a power that in a few years afterwards was to change the appearance of those desert-like plains, to make wheat wave, trees to grow, fruits to blossom; a force that was to master the force in the mountain stream, turning the waters now this way, now that way; a force that defied the eternal hills and shattered the granite rocks, that burrowed right through the mountain's sides, swinging steel bands across chasms and passing beyond highest peaks in steam-propelled cars, though wind, rain, snow and avalanche, all combined to impede the way and to place insurmountable obstacles in the path.

. . . . . .

I can imagine, some 3,000 years ago, the Norseman sitting disconsolately on a jutting rock overlooking the tempestuous sea; his flint arrows and bow of ash had failed to bring down game; his crude attempts to grow barley and rye had also failed by reason of frost and sudden storm; his wife and children were shivering, starving for want of clothing and food. Only from the ocean on that cold winter day might he hope to pull forth food to stay his own deep hunger and appease that of his family. Is it strange that he supposed himself to be surrounded by wicked trolls and fierce ice

giants? Is it a matter of wonder that he thought the forces of nature dominated him, like cruel demons? What was he? a temporary plaything in the hands of those powerful forces. As with Hiawatha,

> "In his heart was deadly sorrow,
> In his face a stony firmness,
> On his brow the sweat of anguish."

He, too, perhaps, sent forth his cry for help to some Gitchie Manito, asking in that bitter hour of hunger for food. And as with Hiawatha,

> "Through those far resounding forests,
> Rang that cry of desolation;
> But there came no other answer
> Than the echo of his crying,
> Than the echo of the woodlands
> And the roaring of the deep sea."

Suppose at that moment the personification of Father Odin had appeared and said, "I have heard your heart cry. I understand what is your dearest wish, but why do you call on me? South of you in sunny Italy there is delicious fruit and warmth. East of you in the Mesopotamian valley there is corn and wine and oil. There you will find a land flowing with milk and honey. Supply yourself then from those inexhaustible stores."

"You tell me who am half famished," the Norseman might have replied, that "far away in the south-land food is to be had in abundance, but how am I to go there? Between me and the things I covet is this vast waste of waters. How can I reach that land of milk and honey when there are miles of woods and desert stretching between here and there?"

"Believe me," Father Odin might have replied, "the sea presents no obstacle; you can safely sail upon it; the woods are no barrier, for through them as over the waste lands you may pass with quickness and with safety."

"Do not mock me," the Norseman might make quick rejoinder. "If I had the wings of the bird it is true I might fly across the land, or if I had the fins of a fish, I could pass through the seas, but unassisted, without wings or fins, without power to do or become, what am I but a helpless mortal?"

"But there is a power," Father Odin might have declared, "which will speed your arrow unerringly so that the bear and the eagle will fall when you shoot; there is a power that can bring heat out of yonder coal field, and lift for you these stones so that you may build a building which shall be impervious to wind and snow; there is a power that can invoke from the heavens the very lightning to light your

pathway at night, to grind your corn, and to propel you rapidly across the land."

"Tell me, tell me, the name of that power," our Norseman might have exclaimed. "What god or demon is it, that to him I can offer sacrifices and prayers and obtain in return a share of his almighty force?"

"That power to do all these things and more equally wonderful," the Earth-Wanderer might have said, "*is within yourself*. You, O man, are stronger than the Trolls, mightier than the Ice Giants, more god-like than all those in heavenly Valhalla. Call on that inner power and behold! all earth and sea and sky shall be subject to your will."

. . . . . .

The longing in the Norseman's heart for fertile lands and sunlight, and trees that bear all manner of fruit—makes him think of the possibility of attaining, through human means, his heart's desire. By and by he fashions a rough boat that slowly and laboriously he can push through the water. The first step taken, others follow. Oars give way to sails, and sails to steam, as a method of propulsion, and now men need no more envy the ability of the fishes, for in one of our mighty modern steamships the ocean can be crossed in less time even than it takes the fish to travel.

So, too, upon the land the problem of trans-

portation has been solved. Here in the United States the fruit of California and Georgia does not ripen and decay on the trees for want of means to transport it to the centers of population; the magnificent wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota are not useless because there is no way to get grain to market. The inventive, God-given faculty of man, his application, his industry, has brought forth the steam horse which on its steel roadway travels a continent faster far than the strongest bird.

The Heavenly Father then did not give his children at creation fins like those of a fish, or wings like those of a bird. He gave them something better, creative intelligence. He made them sharers with himself of the divine omnipotence. By means of that inner divine force which makes us indeed sons of God, it is possible, as the writer of Genesis says, for us to have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

Is it only over physical forces that we have dominion? Have we no control over our mental and spiritual nature? Are we predestined to a certain fate, to the development of a certain type of character whether we will or no?

"The war god took possession of me and I smote him hip and thigh."

"A divine frenzy seized upon me so that I was not accountable for what I did."

So the ancient Greeks excused themselves for their passionate deeds, but is it a fact? Must Macbeth murder the king? Is he driven on by a blind necessity? Are some men marked for disaster by a fate outside themselves? Is Œdipus bound to be the victim of a tragedy which wrecks his life though he be innocent of any desire to do wrong? "What could I do? The luck was all against me." Is this a fair statement of fact? Again I ask, have we dominion over the forces of wind and wave, of earth and sky, and no capability to shape our own future?

What a mockery it would be if we could change everything except ourselves. What a travesty on freedom if we have no freedom to modify the conditions about us.

"It matters not," says the poet, "how straight the gate, how narrow the way,

> "I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

The poet tell us aright. If you and I fail it is because we do not summon to our aid the force that is ours, that resides not in heaven or hell, and can be invoked neither by angels or devils, but the power that resides within

ourselves, to be invoked by our own wills. If we can make the sun paint our photographs, steam propel our engines, electricity light our houses, then surely we can achieve large dominion over our thoughts, over our passions, and thus, indirectly, over our bodies. You and I have much to say as to whether we shall be heavy-limbed, awkward, dyspeptic, gouty, red-faced, blear-eyed, or the reverse.

"Lincoln was the homeliest, most uncouth youth in all Kentucky."

"Lincoln was the most interesting, the most sympathetic, the most magnetic man who ever sat in the President's chair."

I take these two phrases from speeches made on Lincoln's birthday. What changed the facial expression, the very disposition, one might almost say, of this raw-limbed, ugly youth? The power within. A power which is yours and mine, as it was Lincoln's.

I commenced my discourse by saying that the love of power is instinctive, and the desire to put it forth, to exercise influence, is well nigh universal. This is the secret of why rich men continue to become richer. They tell you truly when they say they do not care for the luxuries which money will buy. Philip II, with the gold and silver of the new world at his command, lived like a monk. The bed chamber and dressing-room of Czar Nicholas I, as I saw

them in St. Petersburg, were as plainly furnished as the most ordinary servant's room in Boston. What Philip II did care for, though, was power over states and nations. What Nicholas supremely enjoyed was his ability to wield an autocrat's scepter. What Jay Gould cared for above all else was the influence which his wealth gave in financial centers. This desire to wield power is legitimate, but what I wish you to realize is that it is far nobler to wield power over self than over things. Within you there is a whole vast realm to conquer and to rule over. The old Jewish author spoke the truth, "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that conquereth a city."

Are you able to rule yourself?

Yes, you are able to rule yourself. You have within you abilities, talents that are seldom brought to the surface simply because you have not dreamed of their existence. They are awaiting the word of command to start into activity.

One of the surprises which greets us now and again is the revelation of exceptional ability in some one supposedly ordinary and commonplace.

There arises a national crisis, and a silent, plain-faced man of Galena, Ill., astonishes the country by his wonderful military talents; a

war breaks out with Spain, and an obscure army surgeon, a medical graduate, exhibits at Santiago and afterwards at Havana administrative talent of the highest order; a fire is discovered in a New York tenement and an ignorant Irish servant girl imperils her life and displays heroic qualities which make Bridget Fanning's name worthy to rank among the immortals; a Baptist clergyman, considered an ordinary preacher and thinker, in a moment of patriotic impulse sits down and writes a hymn which becomes the national hymn of America; Count Tolstoi is twice at death's door, he is given up by all the leading physicians, yet he rises from his sick bed and takes up his literary work because, as he says, he must live in order to complete the task which God has given him to do.

In Tolstoi, in Smith, in Bridget Fanning, in Wood, in Grant, something was not suddenly interjected in them which made them heroic, administrative, poetic, and the like. No; it was simply the disclosure to themselves, to the world, of something which all along had been concealed, dormant, which perhaps never would have sprung into activity had it not been for some great excitement, enthusiasm, or personal need.

Within you, unsuspected perhaps, are all of these qualities. You do not realize that they

are there because you have not tried to put them forth.

Awake to a knowledge of your power. Even as Odin might have called on the Norseman to make real his longings through and by means of his creative intelligence, so I, a son of God, call on you who are sons and daughters of God to make real your longings, to rise out of depression and passivity, into hopefulness and activity. I call on you, to arise from the dead and to join the living, to separate yourself from that which is merely material and temporal and join yourself to that which is spiritual and eternal.

The Master, more true to the facts of life than was ever ancient Greek dramatist or modern hymn writer, because he lived more fully in his God-given nature, did not make the mistake of comparing man to a passive potter's vessel, shaped or broken by the active hand of circumstances; he did not say that man, like the elements, was driven now hither, now yon, as were Œdipus and Orestes, by a blind necessity. No; he compared man to a seed, to a life force. There it is in the ground. Shall it lie there, shall it be absorbed among the elements of earth, or shall it take from those very elements of earth what it needs, and come forth into the light, drawing from the sun, from the very rains and snows, from the tempestuous

winds, from the atmosphere, the needed sustenance, shaping to itself a stalk, a form, a body, and crowning all with the full bloom, the sheaf, the blossom, the perfect flower? Perfect, did I say? Yes, perfect. It is possible, so daring, so mighty, so confident is the tone of the Master; it is possible not only to have dominion over all of the things of Nature, over all the fishes of the sea, of the fowls of the air, of the creeping things of earth, but more, it is possible in spirit to rise to the Divine.

"*Be ye perfect even as your Heavenly Father is perfect.*"

Shall we try to obey that command?

XII

THE TEST OF LIFE, OR CHOOSING AND HAVING

PREACHED APRIL 10, 1904

In this world ye shall have tribulation but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.—John xvi, 33.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things and I will be His God and he shall be my son.—Rev. xxi. 7.

In the words of our liturgy, "Toil, trial, and suffering, still await us." Why do they still await us? Surely it is not a cheering picture of the future conjured up by this passage in our prayer book. Why are we not promised peace, and comfort and physical ease? Paul tells us why. As we read his letter to the young man Timothy in which the Apostle says "Endure hardness," "War a good warfare" and his further statements to the Romans such as "I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed in us," we catch glimpses of the reason why. Struggle, trial, and difficulty according to Paul are the essential conditions for developing the immortal part of our nature, the part which endures the shock of dissolution called death.

If it be true that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, then, manifestly, the kind of effort we need to put forth is not primarily that kind which builds up bone and muscle and tissue, but that kind which builds up spirit—enduring soul qualities.

If you wished to develop in your son, patience, would you not have to give to him certain tedious tasks? If you desired him to exhibit courage you surely would have to place him in a position of danger; if you wanted him to be unselfish, then you would have to afford him an opportunity to keep a desired article or to give it to someone whose needs were greater than his. How can you, my friend, develop the qualities of courage, truthfulness, honesty, purity,—soul qualities, enduring qualities—without the choice of their opposites being given you?

Toil, trial, and temptation try us, as silver is tried in the fire; they test us, they give us opportunity to choose, to decide. They reveal whether we, eventually, are worthy to be called God's sons, joint heirs with Christ in the heavenly kingdom.

If this be true how shall we measure success in life?

Not as we ordinarily do, by achievement, by possessions, but,

1st, *by the way we stand the test* of our every day experiences.

Alexander of Macedon accomplished. He subdued the greater part of the ancient world, he made himself the overlord of Asia, but how did he stand the test of power? By basely murdering his foster brother, Clitus, and by giving unrestrained vent to his passions, dying in Babylon at the end of a drunken bout.

Mohammed II succeeded in achieving. He captured Constantinople and founded the modern Ottoman empire, but his spirit, no more than that of Alexander, was able to withstand the intoxicating effect of success, and so his last years are stained by the worst forms of cruelty and bloodshed.

Take next the history of that tall, awkward unlettered Kentucky boy whose parents are among the early pioneers of the border states. In time he is elevated to the supremest place in the United States, made commander-in-chief of armies larger far than those led by either Alexander or Mohammed, made ruler over a nation composed of as many people and as diverse as those in ancient empires. How did he stand the test of calumny, of false friends, of victory over a strong foe, of vast power and overlordship, both civil and military? See him once again at Gettysburg. Listen to these words: "With malice toward none, with char-

ity towards all," and you have your answer.

What you and I need to see more clearly is the fact that while all of us are seeking as of primary importance to achieve results, yet the results are not of most importance but the training in character which comes through struggling for those results. What, therefore, we should ask concerning a man is not has he accomplished? but, has he grown? Not, how much is he worth? but, to what extent is he worthy? Not, was he fortunate in life? but, did he stand the test of life?

2d. If life should not be judged by accomplishment, neither should it be judged by mere length of days. How then should it be judged?

By loyalty to an ideal.

A young man of one of the oldest families of Massachusetts, a captain in a renowned regiment, is offered by Gov. Andrew the colonelcy of Boston's negro contingent. Shall he accept? If so, it will mean for him social loneliness, it will mean ridicule, and it may mean, worst of all to a soldier's heart, cowardice on the part of his men and possibly ignominious defeat. His friends advise against his taking such a position. "What is the use," they say. "Stay where you are, there you can do the most good. You are sure of rapid promotion, besides no one knows how well these blacks will

fight, they may run at the first sound of a gun. The whole venture is dubious, consequently it is simply foolishness for you to undertake the command."

Temptation almost always comes in the form of a possible good. It so came to this young captain. Yet there was his ideal, his belief in the principles of the Union, in the brotherhood of man, pleading with him to accept the charge, to show to the North, as to the South, his loyalty to the cause of the black man.

The inner struggle was of short duration. He writes his letter of acceptance and rides forth at the head of his newly formed negro regiment. Then comes the terrific assault on Fort Wagner, the leap to the parapet, the flash of the sword, the one word "forward," and, pierced by a bullet, he falls, mortally wounded, his only monument that of the dark bodies of his slain soldiers piled high on top of him.

"What a pity," men said here in Boston forty odd years ago, "what a shame," "too bad to be cut off in his young manhood." "How Quixotic; he could have done so much with his life if only he had not thus recklessly sacrificed it." But could he? As you stand to-day beside that noble memorial in front of the State House, and realize all that it commemorates, what is your answer? Would

Robert Gould Shaw's life have been more successful, if he had returned here to Boston, and lived the ordinary life of the well-to-do class, dying, let us say, comfortably in his bed at the age of eighty? Would ever a colored man a generation afterwards have arisen in an assembly and said of him as Booker T. Washington said, "Though Boston erect no monument and history record no story, yet in you, survivors of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, and in the race which you and I represent, Robert Gould Shaw has a monument which time can never wear away."

Was the life of Erasmus successful? If judged by length and achievement, yes, but when it came to the test, when the choice was given him of being loyal to his principles or remaining where he was, he could not make up his mind to imperil his reputation. "You believe as we do, stand by us," said the Lutherans. "I have no desire for martyrdom," is his reply.

Was the life of Henry of Navarre successful? He of the white plume who was counted on as the leader and defender of "the religion." When the choice came to him of remaining true to the Huguenot party or joining the Romanists, in order to make secure his position on the French throne, how did he choose?

"What a pity that he died before his life

work was finished," might have been the comment of more than one on that dark Friday evening of the Crucifixion, but is it so? Would Jesus have done more for the world, would his life have been more successful, if, foreseeing the storm of ecclesiastical hate which was about to break upon him, he had quietly withdrawn from Jerusalem, returned to Galilee, modified somewhat his teachings, and lived on comfortably to a good old age?

If life on earth is an educational process, if we, like Jesus, are given here the opportunity to become worthy the title, "Sons and daughters of the living God," then in order to earn the "Well done" we must be prepared to undergo the struggle, the effort, the constant battle with adverse experiences, which is essential in order to develop the immortal part of our natures.

Granted; but in life's battle what will keep us from defeat? Thanks be to God, we are not left alone and unaided. A battle implies a plan and a commander. God is always near us whispering to our hearts of His will. By prayer direct communication is established and through prayer spirit speaks to spirit. It is in moments of prayer that we are illuminated and strengthened; it is then that we learn the value of our experiences and come to know that we are not alone. One is by our side who

has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, I, the Lord, the Eternal. Only be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Power is given to us if we seek it in nature so that we can plow through the seas, illuminate the dark of night, ride over continents, and flash our speech over mountains and plains.

Equally if we seek it God puts at our disposal spiritual power. By means of that spiritual power we may have vitality, healthfulness, peace, such peace as the world can neither give nor take away.

This being so, why should we fear, why grow depressed? It is not meant that we should die but live. Through right living we shall be saved, not lost. We shall enter into the heritage of God which is reserved for all those who love Him and strive to do His will.

XIII

CAREST THOU NOT THAT WE PERISH?

PREACHED JANUARY 10, 1905 *

"I will fear no evil for Thou art with me."—Psalm xxiii, 4.

Why should we care? Why at such times as this do our hearts go forth with such strong sympathy towards the bereaved? Those that were lost by the appalling disaster on the North Atlantic were not our relatives nor friends, probably not one was known to us personally. Why then should we care?

"Women and children first": so rang forth the command of the officers, but why? Women and children are not stronger than men; then surely it was not for physical reasons; they are not of greater economic use. On board the ill fated *Titanic* there were experienced mechanics, captains of industry, skilled engineers, successful merchants and financiers, why were they not preferred and given first chance?

In moments of sudden danger there is in

* Originally preached in April, 1905. Modified and repreached without manuscript after the *Titanic* disaster in 1912.

all of us an instinctive desire to save our life. The thousand and more men on board the *Titanic* could easily have overpowered the few officers, taken possession of the boats and sought safety upon the sea. What restrained them?

Is there not in all of us something divine? Disasters, such as this on the ocean, reveal it. If there is a subconscious mind, there is also a subconscious heart. In times of danger the subconscious heart asserts our universal kinship; speaks through the emotions in terms of sympathy and proclaims in no uncertain way the solidarity of the race.

"Why does a loving and righteous God, who is all powerful, allow such awful disasters?" is the question that is uppermost in many minds. What answer can be given?

First of all, let us see that in the sense in which the words are used God is not all powerful. What do I mean? This: God can not at exactly one and the same moment make water boil at 212° and at 100°; freeze at 32° and also freeze at 100°; He can not make a square a circle, regular and at the same moment irregular; nor can He say "I will make the pull of gravity always and everywhere the same," and then, after so saying, interfere with that pull in order that a child may not fall to earth and be killed.

The question to ask is, would it be better for the world, for mankind, to have the Almighty rule through perpetual interference, "special providences," or as He now does, through law, i.e., in a constant, steady, and invariable way?

Let us clearly realize that clouds, water, gases, winds, the motion of the earth, do not move, shift, blow, expand, contract, in order to produce truth, righteousness and happiness. No: the ends to be obtained are not truth, righteousness and happiness, but order, regularity, exactness. Even if you wished to make Nature the servant of man's feelings and desires, how would you do it? Could you have the force of gravity holding your house to the earth at one moment and at precisely the same moment not acting in order that tumbling bricks might be kept from falling upon defenseless heads? Would you have the winds blow strongly in order to carry away poisonous gases and yet not blow so as to save a boat? Would you have the sunshine hot enough to cause evaporation and at the same time not hot enough to burn your crops which you have planted in the heated belt?

Imagine conditions different from what they are and have been. Suppose the first mud huts and wigwams ever erected had been respected by the laws governing wind and rain, because

to destroy them would mean the destruction of human property and life, would that have been better; would mankind have advanced to that knowledge which enables us to erect the present modern office building of stone, steel or brick? Suppose the ocean storms had respected the first Norse sail boat and, by a "special providence," Nature's laws had been turned aside so that no Norseman should be lost, would we have to-day our powerful ocean liners, and our swift moving motor boats? Or again, if the Eternal took our property, our houses and bridges as seriously as we say He ought; if He should so work through the powers of Nature as never to touch them, let happen what might to the regularity of all the rest of the world, what then would we conclude? Would we not obtain the impression as Mr. Savage once well said that "the work of our hands, our villages and ships and factories, were the most valuable elements of existence?"

When we find ourselves in a world that sends a cyclone tearing through the heart of one of our great cities like St. Louis, when a Mediterranean tidal wave at Messina, or a Mississippi flood comes and sweeps away warehouses, docks and railways; when a spark of fire caught by the wind is whirled on until it results in a devouring conflagration that reduces to ashes a San Francisco, what can we conclude? There

is but one conclusion possible: "The Eternal does not take these material block houses as seriously as we do. The perfection of human life evidently does not lie in that direction."

Nature teaches us over and over again the instability—the changeableness of all material things. If in the face of the oft repeated lesson, we persist in laying up treasures on earth, material things, as though they were to be ever enduring, then we must expect to reap sorrow and disappointment when they are taken suddenly from our grasp.

"But," you may say, "I might be able to fortify myself against this indifference of the heavens and the powers of Nature to my personal possessions and the work of my hands; but why, oh, why, is human life so suddenly cut off and crushed? The cyclone does not send an advance courier to warn us out of our doomed house; the earthquake gives but slight warning of its destructive rumblings, and not only do flood, earthquake and cyclone carry away stones, trees and buildings, but as well men, women and little children. Why should this quickness and awful termination to human life be allowed?"

Is it then because of the quickness with which death comes that you complain?

Then why do you not equally enter complaint against high heaven at the quickness with which

apoplexy takes away your friends, or heart disease ends the mortal career of your neighbors?

Is it because of the painful termination of life witnessed in the downward rush of an avalanche or in the ravages of an earthquake?

If so, in what respect do the many victims thus maimed and killed suffer more physical pain than does the one man or the one woman who, surrounded by his own family, in his own home, dies of a lingering and painful disease?

On the day when happened the *Titanic* disaster there must have been throughout the United States and Canada over 10,000 persons dying of more or less painful ailments; in other words the *Titanic* victims did not suffer any more mental and physical pain, each as he or she died, than did the thousands here in North America who each died naturally. What is it then which causes us to shudder?

If it does not appall us to learn that 10,000 thus do die throughout Canada and the United States, why does it bewilder us to learn that one-tenth that same number were drowned in the North Atlantic?

If death is not a calamity when we die one by one, then many deaths *at the same moment* are not to be taken as a proof that God is unmerciful. But you may say, "Why should *anyone* be allowed to die by accident or without warning?"

Well, let us suppose no one is so allowed to die, no one hereafter shall be taken out of the world either by sudden death or without due warning. No; everyone being guarded against heart disease or vital failure shall live on securely to three score and ten and then, as when Brunhilde informed Siegmund of Odin's death-decree, each shall have ample warning in order to prepare for his earthly dissolution, will that be better?

"How," it has been asked, "should we be made conscious of our mortality if the mere process of living were not hung upon a thread?"

Men and women are being trained morally and spiritually by grappling with the great natural forces. If we lived in a perfect world where there were no tidal waves, no storms, icebergs, earthquakes and fevers, what chance would there be to exhibit bravery and unselfish courage? What chance to develop the higher self? Would you part with beneficence, with pity, with compassion, so as to get rid of the inequalities caused by physical conditions? Would you eliminate courage and personal bravery in order to be free from danger, accident, and disaster?

Without shipwrecks where our Grace Darlings? Without fevers where our Clara Bartons? Without its burning San Francisco and broken,

ruined Messina where the uprising of the whole civilized race in one mighty outburst of helping hands? Do you remember the awful tragedy of the burning theater in Chicago where its stage became under the baptism of dropping fire a scene of martyrdom, man dying for man as grand as any that the arena of Rome ever witnessed in the days of Blandina and Polycarp? If you desire to know what love is, what heroic unselfishness is, what sympathy and kindliness are, study them as they display themselves, not in the days of peacefulness and repose, but in times of horror and tragedy. "God then walks the earth again in human form and brings blessing, not cursing, by his every touch and act."

I said there was something divine in us, and because of that something divine we sympathize deeply when trouble and death come to our neighbors; we hold out a helping hand to women and children in times of danger and give them preference even though by so doing we imperil our own lives. Is the Creator less merciful and kind? Does He forget the weak and those that have no friends?

Shall the Lord God who, through floods and fire, through cyclones and shipwrecks, develops at humanity's heart such noble Christlike qualities as those which in time of need we see come to the surface,—shall He, I say, be

regarded, even in the worst hours of mortal agony, as lacking in righteousness and love?

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness." Yes: even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for He is with me changing and transforming the darkest evil into highest good.

XIV

CHRISTMAS IN THE MAKING

PREACHED DECEMBER 23, 1906

Good tidings of great joy which shall be for all men. —Luke ii, 10.

Because of the cosmopolitan character of its population, the United States needs one or more worldwide holidays, times when every sort and kind of human being, Jew, Japanese, Italian, Puritan New Englander, Greek, Negro, Chinaman, shall feel the glow and power of the hour, the significance for him of the celebration.

A festival to appeal to native and foreigner, to black man, yellow man, white man, Christian, Buddhist, young or old, rich or poor, and to appeal to them all with a sense of gladness can be only one kind of a festival. What kind is that?

A festival of good will.

Because of its complex origin and meaning, because of its peculiar human charm, Christmas can be made such a festival. Think how much of the past has gone into the making of

what Christmas is to-day. The idea of the heathen Druid in Britain survives when we bring into the house the mistletoe. As we light the candles to illuminate our homes, we follow precisely in the footsteps of the pious Jews who celebrated the festival of lights; when we decorate our churches with the evergreen trees we are imitating the practices of our Saxon forefathers who hoped to bring indoors with the trees the beneficent influence of the good spirits who dwell in the spruce and the pine: by our presents to the poor and by the very shape and fashion of particular toys we give to children, we keep up the generous custom of the pagan Romans.

I like to think that the Christian fathers somewhere in the latter part of the fourth century were impelled by a happy divination when they fixed on the twenty-fifth of December,—the Yule-tide festival,—as the time when most appropriately Christ's birthday should be celebrated; for thus they gave to the old Sun festival a deeper meaning. It was also a happy thought to weld together the Christian traditions of good St. Nicholas with the Scandinavian traditions which represented Father Odin riding out from the north above the house tops and bestowing his favors; for thus was there created a symbol of perennial generosity —a gift bringer full of kindness.

Not every man, perhaps, on the twenty-fifth of December, would care to celebrate a mere nature festival such as was the old Druidic Yule festival, not everyone would care for a festival of humanitarian equality like the Roman Saturnalia, nor would everyone care simply to celebrate the birthday of the Founder of Christianity any more than the birthday of Buddha, "the Light of Asia," and surely not everyone would wish to enter into the spirit of a mere jovial festival such as was the merrie English Christmas of the sixteenth century.

The Russian Jew, hounded by his Christian neighbors in the old land, would far more prefer in this new land the spirit of good will to be manifested towards him than to be given ecclesiastical and symbolic Christmas gifts. The Chinese laundryman would rather be met by a smile and kindly greeting from his Caucasian customers than to be seated at an elaborate Salvation Army Christmas dinner; the negro would far rather feel secure in his political rights than to be invited on Christmas morning to the church where his master attends. The poor man smiles grimly at the forced equality shown on one day of the year. The invalid rejects as uncongenial mere sports and revelry, but even the little child understands and appreciates what is meant by a festival of good will and so, too, do its elders, no

matter of what rank, race, or station they are.

Oh, for good will the earth around! Good will towards the unfortunate and helpless, good will between capitalist and laborer, good will between men of different religious beliefs and of differing nationalities. Such good will is growing, thank God, and such good will can be helped on with an irresistible might be making Christmas the festival of kindness—the universal humanitarian celebration.

During the humdrum months of the year most of us are fettered by compulsory duties. Our vitality grows small, our imagination feeble. We come into contact with the other man; his interests are not our interests, he is something dim, hardly real, or vital, in the sense that we ourselves are real and living. Christmas comes: the air is astir with the songs of good cheer, children look forth expectantly. Without quite knowing how, our own hearts are touched, social differences melt away, our neighbor, our business rival, becomes for us a human being, a real vital person for whom we entertain a kindly feeling; the Christmas spirit of good will is temporarily triumphant. Year in, year out, the process; year in, year out, the heavenly light,—the divine glow. In time, surely, that light will last longer, its glow in our hearts will remain. Yes, the Christmas

spirit shall come to be the spirit of men north and south, east and west.

Christmas, here in America, is still in the making. It has not yet taken on that universal significance for which I plead. In our Southern States noisy fireworks break the quiet of the day and the rejoicings have more the fashion which in the North is associated with the Fourth of July. In Pennsylvania and parts of West Virginia, the German customs, what are really the old Saxon pagan customs, survive and are encouraged. Where Episcopalians and Catholics form the majority, there the day has historic church interpretation, religious services emphasize the birth and meaning of the Savior's advent. In factory towns and with numerous young men who work, the day has come to mean a time for recreation and sports, for physical enjoyment. This aspect is also being accentuated by numerous well-to-do and fashionable people, but after all it is the child heart that turns in the right direction and is true to the central purpose of Christmas; it is the child's hero and Saint who is becoming the dominating one. Call that Saint Santa Claus, call it the embodied ideal of parent love, call it what you will, clothe him in furs as in New England, or in a waterproof as in Southern California, let him have the guise of Scandinavian Wotan or the

portly figure of Dutch St. Nick, one thing is certain, his genialness, his generosity, his entire self-forgetfulness, his good cheer, and good will towards young and old, rich and poor, is the spirit, the mood, that more and more is going to characterize the American Christmas, the spirit that is going to make it for every sort and kind of man under the protective folds of our loved stars and stripes preëminently the festival of good will.

The enlarging spirit of Christmas is showing itself in many ways, in the red cross stamps that brighten so many thousands of pieces of mail, symbol of the determination to root out all preventable disease, in "child labor laws and pure food regulations, in prison reform measures, in the abolition of the convict lease system, in the 'shop early' movement," in the widespread practice of making comfortable and happy any and every boy or girl who is homeless and friendless at the Christmas tide, in the beneficent acts for the "shut-ins," for the bed-ridden, for the inmates of charity homes, jails and public hospitals, in the growing generosity of corporations to employés.

Rejoice that good will is growing; help it to grow by your own warm handshake, your own cheery smile, your own loving deed. Is there anybody in particular you do not like? anyone for whom you do not really entertain

good will? Then why not send that particular person a Christmas card, or a little gift? Why not write him, or her, a pleasant note? Try it. It will be your contribution towards the festival of good will. For aught you know, it may count for more in the hereafter than any one merely generous act for some special friend.

John Addington Symonds, in his last days more or less of an invalid, could nevertheless look out on the world with hope. I could wish that his glorious prophecy were the human song, this week, in many hearts:

Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarmed shall live as comrades free:
In every heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

Sing aloud then, hearts and voices,
  Shout, O new world, free and strong;
Hail of light the deathless triumph;
  Join the old world's birthday song:
    Glory be to God the highest,
    Peace on earth, good will to man.

XV

BELIEFS WORTH WHILE

PREACHED JANUARY 13, 1907

"Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." —Jesus.

"As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Paul.

This is a practical age: men are asking the reason why for everything. An institution, an organization, is not allowed to live that can not give good reason for its existence. As a body of believers we are being tried by the same test. For what set of doctrines do we stand? Are they of practical value? do they touch life? Are men and women really helped and strengthened by giving allegiance to them?

Here are questions which ought to be answered. In a measure I purpose to give reasons why our beliefs are well worth while.

The first great belief we hold is a belief in this world as a growing and progressive world. The old theory, or static theory, takes small account of that slow, orderly moving, shifting, changing, evolving condition which we observe to-day. We used to be told that

"In six days God created the heavens and the earth."

"In the old times God spake by the mouth of his holy prophets."

"God revealed Himself unto the world in Christ Jesus."

Such expressions bear witness to the fact that men thought of this earth as a completely fashioned earth; they believed:

1st, that there was a finished and infallible Bible.

2d, that a developed and all essential plan of salvation had been given.

3d, that the perfect man had lived an eternal example for mankind ever afterwards.

The practical outcome of such a system of belief is to turn men's attention away from the present and the future and to center interest upon the past. If God spake in former times, then it is incumbent upon everyone to know what He said; accordingly scholars and theologians have given days and nights to the study of the Bible; they have pored over ancient Hebrew texts; they have written concordances and commentaries to be studied by thousands of other men and women; for upon a right understanding of certain particular texts salvation itself might depend.

We believe not only that God revealed Himself in the past but that He is still revealing

Himself,—still speaking. "You tell me," said Emerson "that the Lord spoke to Moses in the burning bush; I do not doubt it, but God still speaks to man through every flaming rose bush. Listen, O man, and if thy soul be properly attuned thou too shall catch whispers, revelations of the divine."

It is because the old theory still prevails so largely that we notice here in the United States a certain lack of faith in the present social and economic trend of affairs, a feeling that somehow, although the Lord's hand can plainly be traced in the events of the past, it cannot now be so traced. Has then God forgotten His world? He who was the pillar of fire by night, the cloud by day, has he indeed withdrawn his interests from man?

Surely if God is infinite and omnipresent, then he is just as much the leader and guide of Americans living in 1907 A. D. as of Hebrews living in 1907 B. C. If Israel was led out from barbarism and polytheism to refinement and monotheism, then we of the Anglo-Saxon race are being led forth from semi-civilization to the kingdom of heaven.

Here then is a belief well worth while, the belief in progress. God is on the earth and in us, as well as in the heavens. He is speaking to us. He is still creating; He is still reveal-

ing His divine purposes. The good times, therefore, are not to be sought in the past but in the future. "Revelation is not sealed; answering unto man's endeavor truth and right are still revealed."

The belief in a progressive world, in a progressive revelation, has much practical value. It gives hope; it gives cheer; it assures me that I am living upon a live world still in the making. I can see creation going on around me. If conditions are at times depressing I say, "Wait, do not judge too soon, let a few more centuries pass; remember this is not yet a perfect world because it is a progressive world. Men may disappoint me by their greed and selfishness, nevertheless I will not sigh 'for olden time and holier shore'; I will not speak of them as fallen, depraved. They are coming up, on and up. I am coming on and up, too. 'It does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him.' "

Our next great belief which has practical value is the belief that this is an understandable world. Understandableness is as truly indicated in its every process as is development, progressiveness. Now a world to be understandable must be orderly in every part, i.e., its movements need to be actuated by something other than just whim, caprice or im-

pulse; otherwise nothing regarding its movements can be confidently predicted.

Is this a world where rule and order and righteousness prevail, or is it not?

Our ancestors thought it a world where a sovereign will prevailed, a will that was not bound by any law save its own wish or desire.

The hymn rings out, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Longfellow, echoing the theology of his day, writes:

> "Thou hast no hand
> As men who think to understand
> A world by their Creator planned."

Why should not men think to understand this world by their Creator planned? That is the Creator's wish, that men should understand; that is why they are given creative intelligence. Only by understanding can they appreciate the wisdom of the Almighty. If my child does not understand what I am doing, then how can he judge whether I am doing a wise or a foolish thing? If you cannot grasp intelligently the object of God's laws, then how do you know whether they are beneficent or not?

Glorious thought! We can, in large measure, understand this world and we really do know that every atom and particle moves in certain definable ways; that there is exactness amid all

the seeming chances and changes. Every drop of water that falls from a cloud, every wave that breaks against the rocks, every lightning flash that passes across the sky is as rigidly conditioned and held to as unswerving an obedience as is the earth that swings so wondrously in space or the grass blade that comes forth from the earth. Were it not so, if fire did not always burn, if gravity did not always pull toward the earth, if the sun and moon did not always keep to their appointed place, how could we be sure of anything? Of what value books on chemistry, on astronomy, optics, hydrostatics? It is as though God said, "Once learn my ways of acting, my laws, and you may count upon those ways of manifestation with absolute assurance, the same yesterday, to-day, forever."

But if this be true, if there is such exactness and regularity in the physical realm, then surely in the spiritual realm there ought to be moral law equally unswerving. Is there? Here is where many of us are not quite sure. We see around us so much unrighteousness and disorder that our faith is shaken. It appears as though on every side there are persons who escape the consequences of wrong doing. Such persons seem to be enjoying all the fruits of prosperity without suffering any penalty. What of them? Does sin, now and again, go

unrebuked? Does the transgressor often escape from the consequences of his wicked acts? No; the sinner never can escape the consequences of his wrong doing. Why can he not? Because he is punished not for his sins, but by them.

The reason why we fail to appreciate this fact is because we are always looking to see the sin punished in some outward and temporary way. Far more terrible, the sin is punished in some inward and permanent way. We look to see punishment come *to* a man; in reality it comes *in* a man. We expect to see him lose his houses, lands, civic honors; he may or he may not, but one thing is sure: each day he engages in sin he loses something of his spirituality, i.e., of his sensitive conscience, of his ability to enjoy the true and the good; he descends the plane of manhood, approaches nearer and nearer the brute, nearer and nearer the automatic stage where instinct and passion and gross habit rule him, becomes inwardly a Mr. Hyde, though outwardly he has the fair front of a Dr. Jekyll. In short, the condemnation pronounced against him is that he shall lose soul in exact proportion to his sin. If he persist in unrighteousness, then a terrible night is sure to come when the decree goes forth, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

On the other hand, a man undertakes to do his best, to be honest, kind, industrious, painstaking. Such a man, in a world of moral order, ought to have his reward. What we often see is such a person experiencing neglect and discomfort after years of hard work. Very well, but how do we think such a person ought to be rewarded? With gold chains and easy riding automobiles? Do we think such a person ought to be exempt from work and given a large roll of hundred dollar bills? My friends, there is but one legitimate reward of life and that is increase of life.

What is the reward of taking physical exercise? It is not in being given a professor's chair, not in being hailed as a musician. No; the athlete who seeks physical strength gains physical strength, not æsthetic insight, not something else. What, in return, does a man get for being truthful? Not houses and lands, but greater readiness to tell the truth, an increase in moral courage; in short, the reward for right living is greater ability to think right, choose right, do right. Only be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee—what? A crown of life, more abundant life.

The value of the idea of law is that it establishes mutual obligations, reciprocal relations. Under the idea of God's sovereignty God was not compelled to save. Why were some human

beings foreordained to destruction, others to redemptive glory? Who could say? It was so written in the eternal decrees. The new view cast aside, as most unworthy, such unregulated use of power. The golden rule applies in heaven as on earth. If I build my boat aright, then the waters are obligated to hold that boat upon the surface of the waves; if I build my house aright, according to the laws of cohesion and gravity, then no divine power has a right to break through the doors of that house to set a prisoner free, even though that prisoner be no less a personage than the Apostle Peter. A compact, or covenant, means responsibility, not on one side but on two sides; in short, law implies that the Almighty has duties to us as well as we to Him. If we obey His behests, then He is under obligation to take care of us, "to see us through."

This is a helpful thought,—a belief well worth while. When I see injustice and greed seemingly triumphant, when I see the meek and gentle pushed to the wall, when I am half persuaded that the good and the honest fail of their reward, I say, "God can be depended upon; there is exact and even-handed justice. Character counts. It is salvation." If, then, I obey God in the moral realm He can be trusted there even as He can be trusted in the physical realm of stone and wood and wave.

If this universe is one, then it follows that you and I are not something apart, cut off, separate. No; within us beat and pulsate the forces that beat and pulsate through all. St. Francis caught this truth when he said, "I am brother to the birds and the fish and the flowers"; Emerson realized this truth when he said, "I am heir to Lord Christ's heart and to Shakespeare's brain"; and St. Paul uttered this same great truth when he told the Athenians that "in God we live and move and have our being."

If we are of like essence with God, then we must share in His creative power and be able to move and work through all things. On the physical side we are beginning to appreciate our capacity. We change an American desert into a productive land; we fashion steel and wood into such shape that by means of our creation, which we call a steamship, we pass safely across the sea; we lift tons of iron into the air in the form of a hammer and bring that hammer down with a delicacy hardly sufficient to break an egg shell or with a might capable of welding together red hot bars of steel; we desire to have before us the face of an absent friend, we call down from heaven the power in the sun's rays and lo! a photograph gives us the exact semblance of the loved features. Only slowly are we recognizing our psychic

power, but we are coming to understand it. Praise the Lord for that! No more are we to be the slaves of our bodies; our bodies are to be the instruments through which our spirit works,—instruments of health and wholeness. The next century will show as wonderful an advance in the psychic realm as the last hundred years have shown in the physical realm.

This affirmation brings us naturally to see the real object of work and struggle, of sorrow and temptation and seeming failure. All this could not be understood if the object of life were happiness, or even achievement, but life is for training, for growth, for progress, for the elimination of the dross and the perfecting, day by day, of the spiritual.

If life, then, is for spiritual growth, the question we should ask ourselves each day is this: "Have I, through the experiences of to-day, grown in patience, in self-control? Am I more just, more honest? If so, then I have secured something of those spiritual riches which moth and rust cannot corrupt nor thieves steal from me."

All of us need spiritual training. If we could pass at once from the crude and the imperfect to the noble and finished, we would be no more fit for it than a boy suddenly given a man's full privileges and responsibilities. We should be glad, then, if our conditions are not

too easy, if they bring out what is fine within us, if they sting us into action, if they nerve us and clear our vision.

Here is a belief well worth while in our moments of discouragement, to realize that results are not of most importance, but the training in character which comes through struggling for those results. Work is for the worker. Through work and effort we grow divine.

In this attempt to grow, to lay hold of the Almighty power, where shall we look for those laws of life which govern in the spiritual realm as do the laws of optics or the law of heat in the physical realm? Nineteen hundred years ago one stood forth in Palestine teaching spiritual principles. "I am come," he said, "so that they may have life, and have it more abundantly." How have life? By obeying certain moral and spiritual laws. He enunciated those laws. They sound paradoxical and visionary to-day even as they did when first spoken. "See," he said to his disciples, "I trust these laws. I obey them; follow thou me."

What are some of these laws? We can read them in the New Testament. Here are a few of them:

"Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

"Give unto him that asketh and from him that would borrow turn not away."

"Love those of other nationalities: do good to them that despitefully use and persecute you."

"Resist not evil."

It is a belief well worth while to hold, as did Jesus, that obedience to these laws brings life, brings joy, brings above all else peace at the heart of being, a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Such a belief we say is ours: let us try in all earnestness to make it really ours.

XVI

THE FINAL JUDGMENT

PREACHED MARCH 29, 1908 *

Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.—Matt. xxv, 29.

The last verses of the story of the talents give to us the Master's judgment and the reasons for that judgment. We are not surprised, when turning to the unfaithful and timid steward, the Master says, "You slothful servant, you knew, did you, that I reap where I have not sown and gather where I have not thrashed? Well, then, you were bound to have placed my money in the hands of bankers, so that on coming home I should, at least, have received my own with interest."

"This public censure," we say, "is just. The man brought it upon himself by his own act, or rather want of acts. It serves him right." When, however, the Master goes still further with his condemnation and takes away the talent of the poor culprit, passing it over to the successful servant already possessed of ten times that amount, we feel that there is an

* Sequel to sermons on "Three Types of Manhood."

overstepping of justice, prompted, perhaps, by the anger of the moment. Our dissatisfaction changes to indignation when, added to this act of despoliation, the unprofitable steward is summarily discharged. "Is not this oriental autocracy?" we are likely to say. "While the man's laziness certainly deserved punishment, yet that punishment should not be carried to extreme lengths. There was no misappropriation of funds, nor foolish squandering. Why, then, should the steward be treated as if he were a designing villain?"

As though the Master guessed our thought, he stops, before proceeding with his final judgment, and says, as though enunciating a general law, "For unto every one that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Do these words indeed stand for a fact? Is it literally true that Nature has written on her immutable statues the words, "Unto them that have it shall be given; unto them that retain little, even that little shall be taken away?"

In answer to this question the horticulturist will tell us that "the grains have grown up over the graves of weeds, of gymnosperm; the rose has taken the place of the hueless cryptograms; the apple tree, the pear tree, the peach

tree, have elbowed down and out the seal tree and the scale tree with their tough skins." He may call our attention to the grape vine where the stems send forth their sap and vitality to numerous small tendrils whose business it is to put forth their sensitive feelers and seize hold of wall, tree or substantial support by which the vine may climb. The tendril that fails so to do, even though it be near to the tendril which does, has its sustenance withdrawn: it withers and dies; the very sap which formerly went to nourish it is passed over to its more useful companion. In like manner in a forest it is only the shoots and plants that inherit hardy life or good situation which Nature permits to grow. Man follows out this same method.

When we examine human society we are impressed even more strongly with the truth of the dictum, "To him who possesses, even more shall be given." The merchant who has a reputation for integrity and at the same time controls large capital is able to secure even more abundant credit than he needs, while the street vender, if for a long time he is debtor for a few dollars, stands in risk of being sold out and losing even the little he possesses. A Messonier, a Sargent or a Sir Joshua Reynolds is besieged by wealthy art lovers to take orders for expensive paintings, while a landscape Johnson or a portrait Thompson cannot

even secure sufficient patronage upon which to decently live.

Granting, then, that wide observation proves the truth of the statement, "To him that hath shall be given," we next must ask, does the statement stand not only for a universal truth but for a beneficent truth? By a beneficent truth we mean one which for humanity at large and not simply for the five-talent man is filled

> With hope
> With incentive
> With a merciful righteousness.

If so, if the law of possession works for the general good, then no matter how seemingly unjust it is, we can be well satisfied in knowing that the injustice is not real but apparent, and that back of an unfavorable appearance is the helpful reality. Suppose the law reversed, so that it read, "To him that hath, let him be content: to him that hath not, let it be given even unto the measure of him that hath"; then what? Why, the development of the lily, the rose, the wheat, the barley, the fruit tree, would have ceased ages ago, while those plants possessed of slight beauty, perfume, gracefulness and general worth, because their need was great, would have been given new vigor to propagate of their kind and burden the earth with vegetable existence of no use to man and a formidable barrier to his progress, making

the higher steps of human development an impossibility.

Let us suppose in the brilliant age of Greek art that Pericles, in looking about to select some sculptor to embellish the city, had said, "Phidias as an artist already has a fair reputation; let him be content. Here is another who as yet has little experience and not much brilliancy nor originality; nevertheless because his need is great, I will select him as superintendent of municipal improvements." What would have been the result? Where to-day the Parthenon, the statue of Athena; where those marvelous works which since then have been the inspiration of architect and sculptor?

To him that had there was given abundantly.

So the world of this generation has for its shining lights that beckon each and every one along the right way such immortals as Elijah and Regulus to teach the value of duty and give us new courage, Newton and Shakespeare to show us the capability of the human mind, Beethoven and Dante to demonstrate the depths of our common human emotions and imagination, Buddha and Jesus to prove the divineness of man's spiritual insight.

Would we have these a whit less tall and noble and God-like? Would we have each poet and musician and scientist and prophet dwarfed and shortened so that his contempo-

raries might have been less puny and commonplace? No; whatever we may think of the justice or injustice to those who lived at the same time with such mental and moral giants, one thing is certain: we all recognize that for the present world's highest good,—*for our special inspiration*,—what has been is for the best.

Let us now notice the value of this law of possession, first, as an incentive to the five-talent man.

Second, as a spur to the man who is incompetent, even urging on the average man to continuous personal effort.

In the early days of their career suppose the Divine Voice had spoken to Edison and Bell, to Mozart and Wagner, to George Eliot and Herbert Spencer, saying, "There will be little profit in all your future struggles and work. Your first small inventions, your early musical scores, your magazine articles brought to you a slight amount of reputation and wealth; with that, hereafter, you must be content. To the many poor, dull, plodding, non-original people shall be given more wisdom and power until they reach a level somewhere near your own. Thus will there be equalization and justice." Would it be justice, would it be wisdom and beneficence to give no further opportunity for growth to those who are willing and can do so

much to help forward the world? If hope of future results, of additional power, be withdrawn, where the incentive to the five-talent man? It is because Edison and Wagner and George Eliot and the others believed so implicitly in the law, "To him that hath shall be given more," that they kept right on, not satisfied with their early triumphs, and so to-day humanity possesses and enjoys the perfected telephone, the electric light,—the "Niebelungen," "Parsifal," "Romola." In the same way it can be seen how this law acts as a spur as well as an incentive, for on the supposition that the reverse of the law were true, that to each it were given "according to his needs," then what would be the effect on human character?

Degeneration in place of development. Once having failed to succeed, a man would complacently seat himself and wait for succor to come from the promised supernatural help. "Who has greater needs than I?" would be his excuse for want of further enterprise, and so, as every charity society has found out, if to him that hath not is given according to his wants or alleged necessities without an equivalent in the way of work or effort, there soon comes a time when the needy person is pauperized and unwilling or unfit to put forth even that amount of energy which was originally his. No; it is the very fear of starvation, or

of loss of business credit, or friends, or what not, that continually spurs the average man to continuous effort. Thus as he works and strives does he find his muscles hardening and his brain growing more active and indeed his whole manhood lifted in the general scale of existence.

Note, too, the amount of variety this general law gives to human life. Here is a person who has inventive talent; he finds his inclination running toward machinery. The more he studies and works along that line, the more does his mechanical capability grow; another finds himself largely drawn to literature. As he follows the bent of his mind there comes an increasing literary forcefulness; a third finds it easier to succeed in business; so each, being given more and more strength and insight in his own particular direction, individualizes; thus do we get our inventors, poets, preachers, and financiers. How much more interesting this variety of accomplishments makes society.

Lastly, and of far more importance than any of the considerations so far adduced, we must remember that human society is not a collection of so many independent units called men, *but an organism* made up of specialized parts the whole being called man.

In this fact it might be asserted by the

Master, if he were speaking to us and giving reasons for his action, lies superlatively the justice, the beneficence, the value to futurity and to the present of the universal law of possession. "For consider my decision," he might say, "from the point of view of humanity as an organism. It is true that from my servant who had but the one talent I took even that away and gave it to the man who already had ten, but why? Did I do it to perpetrate an injustice? No. Did I do it to discriminate against the average man who certainly did his duty? No. Did I do it to over-reward the man with an abundance? No; for none of these reasons. I gave it to the man with the ten talents because he has demonstrated so conclusively that for the *world's best good* he can more efficiently manage the extra one along with his ten than can this thriftless servant of mine. In acting as I have I but copy Nature's method. Nature, in order to serve universal ends, always entrusts her work to the forces most competent. My judgment on my servants is, therefore, on the same principle and is for humanity's best welfare."

While we may bow to this decision and admit its wisdom, we yet may not be altogether satisfied, and still unable, in the case of the one-talent man, to see its full justice. "Was he not ruthlessly despoiled," we ask, "for the

greatest good of the greatest number, although for him personally the judgment meant disgrace, deprivation and consequent misery?"

"No," the Master might again affirm, "even for him who had but the one talent my decision is best. He having failed to wisely use the talent, its power in the world as a productive factor was lost. While it continued to remain in his possession it did him no good, and it did no one else any good. It was as though it were non-existing. By my giving it over to another man, to one whose ability is unquestioned, it now again becomes a living power. Invested by intelligence, it will soon form a part of the general riches and the dull and feeble servant will enter indirectly into the enjoyment of profits which he himself either had not the capacity to win or was too indolent or unwilling to earn. Here, then, in this indirect gain to him is the beneficence of my judgment."

If by our dubious look the Master sees we are not yet fully convinced, he might say, "Suppose instead of money I had given my three servants oil wells. To the first a well with a productive capacity of 5000 gallons; to the second, one of 2000; to the third servant, a well with a capacity of 1000 gallons. Now this third servant, instead of industriously working to bring the oil up from the depths of the earth, does nothing. What is

the result? So far as his neighbors are concerned, this well, entrusted to his care, is nonexistent. It does no one any good. Even the slothful servant himself sits in darkness throughout the night. Given over to the first servant, who knows how to double its capacity, the well begins to yield for the world's consumption 2000 gallons, and every man in the village is richer by this much. Even the third servant, if he wants, can be benefited by the extra oil, for the lamps of his neighbors now flash and burn, and the whole village rejoices in the light which becomes the common property of all."

Edison is no more helped to see his way on a dark night by the electric light he himself has invented than the meanest beggar who is lighted by it to cross the street. Even the Vanderbilt millions locked up in a security vault can count for no more to Vanderbilt than so much useless paper or metal. From the very nature of the law of possession those millions must be put to use, and when I say put to use I mean that *they must serve mankind.* When they are embodied in railroads and ferries and in dwelling houses they become the property no more alone of Vanderbilt but of the whole community, and only in so far as the whole community use them are they of advantage and profit to the owner himself.

"He who does a great thing must do it for mankind." This is an axiomatic truth.

. . . . . .

What has thus far been said has been interesting or not to you in just the proportion that life's problem of inequalities has been pressed home to your notice. If within you there has never burned a great desire to be more and to do more, if you have looked out at human existence and never wondered at those differences which are everywhere observable, then all this about the law of possession is of little moment. On the other hand, if your way has been impeded, if others have been selected and you have been rejected, if seemingly there is large injustice in your neighbor having and you being bereft, learn now the truth and take encouragement. Even if you are weak, hampered by invalidism and sickness or what not, the storehouses of the world cannot be shut against you. By the fact that you are human is everything else that is human more or less yours. See the silent procession of five-talent people coming up and out of the past. Each is offering to you of his treasures. There is Homer, singing to you the songs and the faith of the Greek; there are Sophocles and Euripides, putting before you dramatically the elemental passions of the old world; there, too, are Paul and St. Augus-

tine, who breathe into you something of the new faith that is to conquer mankind. Back of them come many martyrs and confessors, and with them are to be seen Galileo, Kepler and Newton, who pushed back the seven concentric spheres and let you into possession of stellar spaces with their worlds on worlds of luminaries planted afar in infinitude; Watt and Franklin and Morse, who command the steam and lightning to be your servants and who compel them to carry your messages even under the depths of the sea; Adams and Hancock and Washington that make you heirs of political freedom and joint sovereigns in this free land of America; Agassiz, Darwin and Spencer, who give you sight into distant æons and unroll the manuscript of the future for your inspection; Schubert and Mendelssohn that offer heart-stirring melodies touching the deepest chord of being; Burns and Browning, giving you their very souls in their poetry.

These and hundreds more such noble ones join together to make you possessor of the best. With such treasures, even though you be but a one-talent man, who can call you poor, who arraign the power of the universe for injustice?

XVII

SALVATION AND DAMNATION THROUGH HABIT

PREACHED OCTOBER 10, 1909

Work out your own salvation with reverence and awe.—Phil. ii, 12.

Few persons realize how important and mysterious is the subconscious, impersonal part of us, where reside the hereditary tendencies, the center of that mind which presides over the heart and lungs and the various organs of our body, and out from which well up into consciousness fancies, desires, and passions that, now and again, take possession of us whether we will or no.

In early life every act requires care and effort. The babe, in learning to walk, to talk, has to think about it, has to try in order to do the act aright, but as the years go by all necessary activities are turned over to the subconscious self, and then the boy, or girl, thinks no more about them. The expert piano player is not thinking of the pedals, of the proper fingering of the keyboard, of the notes before him. Sometimes while playing, his thoughts

wander far afield, and when a friend asks "What is that you have been playing"? he is startled into consciousness and then, perhaps, cannot remember just what he has been playing.

The other part of him, the subconscious part, his former self, i.e., his former conscious self, has been doing the playing. Habit, as we say, guides the arm, moves the eye, the foot, the hand, performs the right action. All hail the beneficence of habit. But stop! suppose for a number of years the musician has been fingering incorrectly, then what? Suppose the music master tells him he must change his method of playing, can he do it as readily as when he first took piano lessons? Will he not find himself much in the situation of the needle woman who for months has been working upon a piece of point lace, when told that what is required is not point lace of an Alencon pattern but pillow lace of a Mechlin pattern. Not only must the needle woman begin over again, but worse, before she can even use her original thread "with freedom to start upon the new pattern, she must," so we are told, "carefully unravel and undo all the knots and stitches of the old pattern."

Habit, the automatic part of ourselves, the hidden subconscious part of ourselves, each day is becoming stronger. Each thought we think, and each act we do, like so many threads

of finely spun steel woven together, add to that hidden part, to the pattern which is being made.

You know how a composite photograph is produced. At first face after face is thrown upon the sensitive camera; the impressions, thus caused, upon the plate are vague, jumbled, possessed of no distinct outlines; by and by there begins to emerge out from the many and blended pictures one face; stronger, more distinct, does that face grow in feature and outline, until, at last, a true composite, an exact resultant of the many and different opposites, is produced. That face remains; for it is the likeness of all the varied impressions made upon the photographic plate.

In the same way, back of our actual face, which we present to the world, is a composite face, a hidden face. It has been made by all the thoughts we have thought, by all the emotions and passions that have swayed us, by all the sights and sounds we have seen and heard, by all the acts we have performed. We are unaware of this hidden face, the composite of all our past, or if we know of it we think we can dissemble when in the presence of others.

More and more this hidden subconscious life makes us what we are. It chisels the features; it puts strange expressions upon them. You and I, my brother, need not sit down and tell one another of our past history. It be-

comes all revealed; unconsciously to ourselves it is revealed. You know mine. I know yours. Through the tones of your voice, through the modulation in your speech, through the use you make of the English language, through the way you walk, by the gestures you make, by the light that flashes or fades in your eye, by the carriage of your head, by these and as many more unconscious ways you are telling *me* of what you *are*, by telling me of what you *were*. I am doing the same. Each knows the other; words, explanations, are unnecessary.

Our hidden self, our real self; for it is our real self after we come to mature years, attracts others or repels them, attracts those of like kind, repels those of a different kind. "There is nothing more certain," as has been truly said, "than the fact that men attract to themselves the persons who are like them in aim and experience. To the violent man, violence is always approaching"; he is "always getting into hot water"; the harsh and the uncharitable are haunted by indifference and by unsympathetic judgments. Such people will tell you that they are unjustly criticised, or that they are misunderstood. They are not misunderstood. It is their inner self, their past self, i.e., all that they have been up to the moment, which is repelling confidence or drawing forth criticism. Here we have the secret of those

strange repulsions and attractions which, at some time or other, we have all experienced. You may succeed in seeming other than you are, but nearly everyone can *feel* what you are. The poet is right—

> "All are architects of fate
> Working in these walls of time,
> Our 'to-days' and 'yesterdays'
> Are the blocks with which we build."

If, as the apostle tells us, "We are all working out our own salvation," then we can not afford to do careless, evasive work, nor can we afford to practice pretense in any act of life. No; if we do, the result in us will be of the most injurious character. Each day, each hour we are molding ourselves either into a son or daughter of God or else into a deformity.

Each hour, within, there is growing, developing, taking on form and feature, either the eternal angel or the abiding devil. At forty years of age most men assert that they are masters of themselves. Are they? Do you realise, my mature friend, that you are not now fully master of yourself? Your conscious volition is not absolute. Your past life, all that you have been, shares the throne with your present will. Yes; sometimes even usurps the

throne and reigns alone. The demon part of you, if that is what you have been building up all these years, is now very powerful. Test his strength against your volition and see what is the result.

What a man thinks, and the way he acts, especially during the first twenty or thirty years of his life, largely decide his future destiny.

Try to find out about your hidden self, take account of stock; for more and more all the things you say and do will spring from this secret subconscious self.

If up to the present time you have tried to think aright, act aright, then joy, unbounded joy. Your reward is certain.

Perhaps you cannot understand why so much that is pleasant has come to you. You wonder at the affection you evoke. "I do not deserve all this love, this generosity." You say, in humbleness of spirit, "Why do people do so much for me?"

Ah; it is your wealth of goodness, the soul within, the good thoughts and good acts you have performed all these years; they are now bearing their righteous reward.

The angel in you, the hidden self at last stands revealed. It shines through your eyes, smiles beatific smiles, speaks words of blessing, and behold! all men see and recognize and acknowledge.

There is deep significance in the words of Morris:

"Work is for the worker and not primarily for what is accomplished. Strive on, work on. If you fail in outer achievement you, nevertheless, may succeed in gaining inward results."

God can do much for you, but He cannot build up for you your soul, nor will he tear it down. Work out your own salvation. It rests with you, in your early years, to decide whether you will make of yourself an angel or a devil. Which is it to be?

XVIII

THE SECRET SOURCE OF POWER

PREACHED OCTOBER 16, 1910

There is no power but of God.—Rom. xiii, 1.
The Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works.—John xiv, 10.

Why is it that the Christian church is coming more and more to place the emphasis upon the life of Jesus rather than upon his crucifixion or the supposed miracles? Is it not because, as has well been said, we now see, as never before, that "the real force which burned so deeply into the history of nineteen centuries is the power that spoke through the eyes, through the tones, through the gestures, through the divine-like actions of Jesus and entranced the world?"

This power we sometimes call "personal magnetism," or we say it issues from an attractive personality, but what is back of an attractive personality? What the force even in an unattractive figure like that of Paul of Tarsus or in the high-pitched voice of Peter the hermit? What, I say, is the moving

power in men that reveals itself in various ways and compels obedience and even enthusiastic devotion?

It is vital force, always vital force raised to the nth power; it is human life tremendously in earnest with a strong purpose in view, a dominating idea in mind, an overmastering emotion at the heart.

There is stir and horror in Rome. The Barbarians are not far away; the court is in dismay. At that critical moment Leo, Christian bishop, volunteers to go forth and meet the Humish chief and make him turn back. It seems a superhuman task. No one ever expects to see the bishop again, yet the task is accomplished.

A sullen crowd is at St. Ives; blustering threats are heard on every side. If Charles Wesley comes forth, it will be to his death. He comes forth; he walks quietly up to the mob; he speaks in tones of authority; the brickbats are dropped, the clubs put away. In a little while furious men and women have become amenable to an influence which they feel and which wins them completely to the "Methodist's" side.

Why did not the ruffians of the mining camps shoot down Starr King as he rose to speak? They had killed other men. Why, then, did they let him plead the Union cause?

Afterwards they could not themselves answer the question. Can we?

How do you explain the change wrought by Luther, a poor German monk? How account for the worldwide influence of a man like General Booth? "Personal power," you say, but what is personal power except a name for the higher, finer power that dwells in the universe, the power that comes up into human life just as the physical forces pour up into great trees or mighty storms? Not without law but through law does the higher intellectual and moral force of the world manifest itself.

Note that refugee in Midian. While in Egypt, although the protegé of a princess, he exercises little influence. Now as sheep-tender for his father-in-law he exercises even less. What change comes over him? How happens it that he is suddenly infused with energy and determination?

The allegorical picture of the burning bush and the Lord's voice give the answer.

"I will not go unless Thy presence go with me."

It was the Divine Presence resting upon Moses, as he believed, which was the source of all he did and of all his future greatness.

"Of mine ownself I can do nothing," affirms Jesus. "It is the Father that worketh through me. Greater works than these shall

ye do; for the words I speak unto you I speak not of myself but the Father that dwelleth *in* me."

Here, then, is the seat of power. It is not in something outside, not in something which resides in *things*, in soldiers, cannon, breastplates, an imperial crown. It is something *within;* the feeling that the Lord God is with *us*, that we work through and by means of His might; that, in very truth, we are not apart from but *one with the Father.* It is this conviction, I say, at the central heart of being which sways a man, influences his motives, exhibits itself in the tones of his voice and fills him with the belief that to him all things are possible. This faith is the one noticeable aspect about Moses, Luther, Wesley, Lincoln; it gave to the words and acts of Jesus such mighty power.

Lasting authority has its seat in moral power—the good life in earnest.

But moral power, the ability to dare and do great things, is it limited to the few? Can we who are called "ordinary" have no share in it? If so, why call Jesus an example, why say be Christ-like? If I am to be Christ-like then I must possess similar possibilities, be of like nature. In the very use of the phrases, "be Christ-like," "follow him," there is implied the fact that I am endowed with similar capa-

bilities and can go to the same central source of power from which Jesus drew such spiritual strength. In this thought is the hopeful, happy side for you, for me, of the subject I am considering. As the apostle says, "All power is of God," or, as Jesus puts it, "It is not I but the Father who dwelleth in me; He doeth the works."

Few of us unfold all that there is within us. Why? Because we never give ourselves full development through activity; we circumscribe our faculties by starting out with the idea that we are unequal to a task or limited in ability. How wrong this is can be seen by the way memory or the power of observation can be developed. Ordinary men, as in China, have so enlarged this inner faculty of memory that they can repeat page after page of the sacred Chinese Scriptures. Equally ordinary men, as magicians, see at a glance a hundred or more articles and describe each as we cannot without great care and study. Who can put a limit upon the inner capabilities? Who can say "Thus far only shall man expand intellectually, spiritually?"

Do you realize that the fullness and symmetry of your unfolding depend largely upon the way, the completeness with which you try to express what is in you? At first, let us say, you may not feel that tremendous moral earnest-

ness for a cause which dominated such men as I have taken for examples, but you can and do feel an earnestness, do you not, for some particular reform? Well, then, are you trying to express in any definite way your feelings?

There has been stirring in your mind, perhaps, the need of a protest against some wrong in the community; you have become aware of the fact that your personal protest would do much to influence others and perhaps to correct the abuse. What withholds you from speaking?

We learn by doing; we gain strength by putting forth strength; we have additions to our moral power largely in so far as we give expression to the noblest impulses of our hearts, the righteous promptings of our minds.

Do you not know, my friend, that the world is waiting for your word and you are personally accountable if you do not speak that word? It is waiting for your work and you are accountable if that work is not done. It is waiting for the expression of the inward life. Will you fail of your duty?

You may tell me, in reply, that you are more in the position of the bond slave in Egypt than in the position of Moses in Midian; nearer the end of your journey than the beginning; nearer knowing mental fatigue than vital recuperation. What most concerns you is the

question, "Can I find calm and strength for myself under the present trying difficulties? Is there a power which can keep me from falling into weakness and despair?" At the beginning of my sermon I said that it was upon the life of Christ the emphasis was now being placed. Remember the darker and sadder aspects of His life. He proved, did he not, "that nothing was unbearable, but that the human soul, reinforced by the indwelling spirit, can face the worst calamities with an indomitable simplicity and strength."

"God giveth power to the faint; to them that have no might He increaseth strength." "If God made your soul of such a nature that only He Himself can fill it, then is not that of itself a pledge that it will sometime be possessed by Him?"

If you could but leave this church thoroughly recognizing that the soul-life in you can be strengthened and refreshed by the divine spirit; if you could but realize that while of your own self you may be able to do little, yet the Father worketh in you both to will and to do if you but choose, then I should feel that this service had not been in vain. Yes, more; if you can only realize that exactly as physical power stands at your disposal in steam, in hydraulics, in electricity, so spiritual power may also be yours, then I should feel that you had

grasped the secret of the religion of Jesus, the "good news" which He proclaimed who said, "I came that they might have life, and have it more abundantly."

XIX

THE RHYTHM IN HUMAN LIFE

PREACHED MARCH 12, 1911

For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose.—Eccl. iii, 1.

Why did Peter deny his Master? Why did he three times declare, and back his statement with an oath, that he did not know Jesus of Nazareth? Peter himself could not have told; his action was a mystery to himself. Less than twelve hours before, he had said with the greatest of emphasis, "Even if I must die with thee, nevertheless I will not deny thee." Yet here he is disowning the fact that he was a member of the Galilean band, asserting, even, his entire ignorance of any such person as Jesus of Nazareth. No wonder Peter is afterwards filled with remorse. No wonder he goes forth to weep when he realizes his want of loyalty.

How shall we account for such contradictory actions upon Peter's part? Nineteen hundred years ago the explanation given, doubtless, would have been that of demoniac possession; possibly the explanation of certain psycholo-

gists to-day would be that of double personality. There is no need, it seems to me, to resort to the explanation of double personality any more than there is need to go back and account for the disciple's actions on the theory of demoniacal possession. A simple explanation lies close at hand.

Unexpected danger often discloses a man's basic self, i.e., what he is because of heredity, surroundings, youthful occupations. From a hardy fisherman inured to a life of toil what in a sudden moment of peril ought we to expect? Physical bravery, perhaps rash courage, such as Peter exhibited in the garden of Gethsemane when he draws his sword in his Master's defense.

Why is this characteristic courage not then manifested later on? Why, instead, is there shown, at a critical time, a weakness, a moral cowardice, apparently so alien to the disciple's nature?

I account for this lack of courage and truthfulness on the principle of rhythm, on the principle of the ebb and flow of life. Put your finger upon your pulse. There is a throb, then a cessation of impulse, an instant of work, an instant of rest. After every heart beat there is a little pause. The lungs keep time with the heart, heaving the chest as the tide of air fills and floods them, lowering it as

that tide recedes and leaves them flat and empty. "Sleep and waking," we are told, "alternate with the same wave-like motion. The vitality of the body, its vigor, power of resistance, ability to do and bear, rise and fall in oscillations."

"Wherever there is movement, that movement goes on according to the law of rhythm."

Blue Monday for ministers is not altogether a witticism. After the expenditure of nervous force in the pulpit on Sunday, there is an absence of physical force on Monday. Most public speakers have fits of depression after rising to the heights of vital energy. A man's level best is an absurdity. He has no level best. No man finds it equally easy at all times to plan his business or make speeches. What has gone before in the day? is the question that ought to be asked. Hopefulness is the temper of the man who is in sound health. A sleepless night, a toothache persistent, painful, will make even the calm and hopeful man uncertain. "Depression," it is said, "is nearly always the result of some flagging of energy, some sinking of the fires of life."

We ought to take account of this fact and allow for it in all our judgments. We ought to remember how much digestion has to do with good humor, how much fatigue has to do with brain sluggishness. Returning now to the

case of Peter, let us review the events of the week leading up to the arrest of Jesus, let us remember the turbulent entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, the dramatic scenes that followed in the temple porch; the journey to Bethany and back, the unusualness of city life to this simple lowly born Galileean fisherman, the expectancy in his mind that Jesus would assume royal rank, the hope, the Messianic dream, alternating with some fear; the long evening passover meal, the trip to the Mount of Olives, then on to Gethsemane; the sudden awakening in the chilly night as the Temple guards enter the garden; the surprise and capture and the after disappointment that the Master allows himself to be taken so easily and without resistance. Remember too the slow trudging back to the city in the chill and dark of the night; the feeling of physical uncomfortableness while waiting there alone in the lower court-yard through weary hours for the outcome of trial.

It would take a man of unusual caliber, a man accustomed to discipline and restraint—and Peter was not—who under such circumstances could keep from being depressed and irritable.

When we are irritable and in a bad humor, we like to vent our spleen on something or somebody. Along comes the High Priest's

maid just at that moment taunting Peter with the assertion, "Thou too art one of the followers of this prisoner." Before he knows it the pent-up anger of the night flames forth in Peter's reply: "I'm *not,* woman; I tell you I'm not."

Had the maid approached the disciple and said suddenly, "You are hungry; I know you are; I can see it in your looks," he would have denied it; he would have denied anything; he was in just that contradictory mood that a child is in when it is cross and tired. Just that contradictory mood that takes real satisfaction in saying "No, No," to any demand or question. Peter shivering in the cold, trying to warm himself by a little fire, is at the ebb point of life, the point at greatest contrast with the flood tide when, having eaten the passover supper and feeling physically satisfied, he affirms undying loyalty to the Master.

Most of us can endure strain if it come when we are at the flood. A man does not steal bread just after he has eaten heartily; a voter does not deny voting the Democratic ticket if he hears that the party has won at the polls; a soldier is not likely to flee from the battlefield in the moment of victory. The strain comes at the ebb tide.

When we are hungry, tired, disappointed,

when the flesh is weak and the spirit correspondingly jaded, then what?

All of us need to guard against the moments of ebb tide. They are just as sure to come as the moments of flood and strong vitality.

Do you see clearly, my friend, that it is morally wrong for you to get too tired physically? Do you realize that you are committing a sin when you allow your vitality to be so decreased that your spirits are correspondingly affected and your judgment warped?

Do you tell me that in your life work there are times when you cannot help yourself, when you *must* endure physical and nervous strain? Then I tell you in return that the reaction will be just as extreme. Do you assert your right to do as you please with yourself? If so, I answer: You have *not* a right to do as you please with yourself. You belong to society, to family, to wife, husband, parents. For the sake then of society's best welfare you cannot allow yourself to get into that depression of mood which makes you see things out of focus. You cannot allow your body to become so over-fatigued that you are liable to have your judgment warped, and your tongue utter what may bring pain and disaster to many a one outside of your immediate circle. Too much depends upon every man, every

woman in this modern complex social system for anyone to give full vent to an immediate impulse or desire. If you find yourself in a mood of depression, do not act in any important matter while you are under its spell. Be careful at such a time in regard to what you say; above all try to see that the irritability of your feeling, the anger which is so liable to mount to the surface is caused not by what someone has done or failed to do, but the irritability, the vexation of spirit, is the result of your own physical and mental condition, the result of jaded nerves, of an overtaxed body. Were you at the flood tide the thing which so hurts and mortifies could be easily laughed away. It would seem to be of trivial importance. City life calls for strong individuality. Unless a mind is well poised it is likely soon to get fatigued by the need of rapid readjustments to different subjects, to diverse engagements. In the business centers we are constantly assailed by influences, convictions, temperamental attitudes, so different from our own as to throw us off our personal basis and make us not quite sure of our judgments. Excitement, noise, fatigue, do their work. Is it therefore strange that in the ebb moments we write foolish letters, make bad investments, say things we had better have left unsaid?

Neglect this great law of the rhythm of life and you do so at your peril.

The church supplies you with just the needed opportunity to separate yourself for the time being from the distracting cares of your home, or your office; it opens out large vistas of thought and feeling, it transforms the commonplace as does the western sunlight the ordinary landscape so that it is transfigured by a divine glow. Do you think you can get along without spiritual strengthening and refreshment? Believe me, you can make no greater mistake, a mistake, too, that in some weak moment may bring not only disaster to you but as well to those dependent upon you.

Peter's experience is your experience, and mine and that of many others. We continually say and do things we afterwards regret. "Why was I such a fool"? "Why did I do that"? "Oh, that I could take it back": so we upbraid ourselves, not seeing clearly that the cause for our saying and doing is largely ours to control.

No one can escape entirely irritation and depression of spirits, no one can be free from the mistakes of his ebb-tide moments, but he can lessen the time when he is under the dominion of depression and he can recognize to how great an extent his bodily conditions affect his mental attitude. Physical health is a

religious duty. Watch, then, the critical points of life, guard against the ebb-times, protect your spiritual compass.

That spiritual compass is in danger of constant shifting from the right and the true because of deflections, because of strain, because of unwise expenditure of physical and mental force.

"For everything there is a season and a time for every purpose." Are you giving the proper amount of time to rest, to spiritual refreshment, to the strengthening of soul?

XX

IMMORTALITY'S INDESTRUCTIBLE FOUNDATION

PREACHED APRIL 7, 1912

God is Spirit.
When ye pray, say Our Father.
Father into Thy hands I commit my spirit.

The joy and glory of Easter is all inwrapt in those three statements of Jesus; statements so wonderful, so stupendous in their meaning as to seem well nigh unbelievable.

"God is spirit." Think what that means. "God is our Father." Realize in a measure what is involved in those words: our spirits of like essence with the Eternal. Try to understand what is implied in that affirmation. The thought is so tremendous, so magnificent, so awe inspiring and so joy inspiring, as fairly to bewilder our senses. No other being in the universe can hold a nearer relationship to God than we. Yes, that is what is meant; no other being can have a closer unity with the Lord, the Creator, than we; no other being, whether angel or devil, whether on earth or in heaven, can separate us from the spirit of the

Lord. Into His hands we can commit our spirit, knowing that in and through the Father our souls shall forever continue.

Hymns may roll forth about cherubim and celestial powers; choirs may chant their adorations to a Savior; prayers may be addressed to all the heirarchy of saints; but thrones, dominions, principalities, powers, angels and archangels, things present and things to come, do not, cannot, change the relationship between Father and Son. If the Father is spirit, the child is spirit; if the Father is eternal His children cannot be creatures of time.

"Behold," saith the Lord, "if I live ye shall live also."

Only at Easter do we seem to catch in its glory the meaning of Jesus' teaching; only on a day like this do we believe as we ought to believe in our spiritual heredity. Let nothing, therefore, mar the sunlight of to-day, let no shadow of doubt, of fear, creep in to spoil its meaning, let our lives for a few brief hours be lived in the light of our heavenly destiny; as though we really *felt* all that is implied in sonship with the ever living God.

You and I are going on: not in these earth bodies which we now have; for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the heavenly kingdom."

But we are going to continue to live with

our present personalities as distinct and as marked as they now are.

In the very nature of things a temporal and mortal body cannot survive, nor would I wish it to survive. Would you wish to take up and carry around in the hereafter the decrepit body which is to go down to the grave as yours? Surely not; for that is not really *you;* it is no more *you* than was the puny body you had in early childhood. This body which is yours is a changing one. That you know full well. After a sickness, let us say, you stand and survey yourself in the glass and you ask your inner ego, "Is that I"? You look at the reflection curiously, impersonally, you study the lines, the wrinkles, the increased gray in the hair. "Why, I hardly recognize myself; I am growing old," you say; yet you know that you are not growing old. In your thought you are no whit older than you were before your sickness; no, nor than you were twenty years ago. You feel that there is no age to your spirit. You are right. The mirror simply reflects forms; it has reflected your other forms, the form you had when a schoolgirl, or a school-boy; the form you had when grown to manhood, to womanhood, when you became husband, wife. At anyone of those times, you said "that is I," but was it? Did you not really know that those forms were fleet-

ing? You have had to take those reflections for yourself, for there was no other way by which you could identify yourself to yourself, and yet you were aware of the something else which now and again, as you stood before the mirror, flashed up at the windows of the eye, revealed itself in the smile about the mouth, or transformed the face by the touch of a great sorrow. Ah, yes! it is true, there *is* an inner something, a real self, a true self, your spirit, which day by day animates and upbuilds your physical structure, and it is this real self, this personality, this conscious entity, that you are actually interested in, and rightly so.

You are deeply concerned to know whether your spirit shall continue, whether memory, aspiration, personal experience, consciousness, all that really makes you, shall continue. If nothing in the universe outside yourself corresponded to personality, what hope would there be that you survived? if no relationship existed between your spirit and the animating spirit behind, within, and around all material forms, then what right would you have to expect continuance? Praise be to Him who brought immortality to light. You too can affirm with him: "God is spirit;" "God is my Father;" "Into His keeping I can commit my spirit."

If, as we have said, a certain particular form

is not you; if your expression, your features, your physical structure is constantly changing, is it not so with your friend, your loved one? What then do you really mean, when after an absence of some years, you say, "I would give anything if I could see my friend again; if I could be with her." Do you mean that you would like to see her appear dressed exactly as she was? Certainly not; is it your wish to see her look in form and features just as she looked when you last saw her?

Suppose she did return the very counterpart of what she was, so far as outward appearance is concerned, but changed *inwardly* with shriveled sympathies, with narrowed tastes, with sordid ideals, with petulant mood, with gossipy inclinations, would you then be satisfied?

What you really wish when you say, "I want back my friend," is the old time sympathy, the kindred tastes, the original pureness of thought and kindness of heart. You want the same dear soul that formerly beat responsive to your own. What, then, you love in your friend, is the soul, the real self, not the mere outward physical garb which that self assumes at different periods.

"Take on any form, but come back to me and love me as you used to. I long for the old tenderness and affection, the dear true

self." That is the heart's agonized prayer as we stand by the open grave and hear the solemn words, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, the spirit to God who gave it." Well; glorious thought! the spirit in fullest freedom shall take to itself, hereafter, such form, such appearance, as shall best manifest itself. Spirit shall recognize spirit exactly as now we are able to recognize one another behind all the masquerades of years or the caprices of change.

"*I believe in the continuance of the spirit.*" How glad I am that that phrase has come into use to replace the old theological one, "I believe in the resurrection of the body."

Aside from its improbability, I would not wish to believe that the spirit of Jesus, once having departed, returned again to the rocky sepulcher, entered into its former body, animated that body with new life, and then went forth with the gaping wound of the spear point in the side, with the irregular bruises of Roman lash on shoulder and back, with the awful holes in hands and feet, and by these very disfiguring parts proved to the doubter that he was no other than he claimed to be. When I am through with my infant body, when my mind has grown beyond its capabilities, let me take on the larger physical organism of the boy; when that too is outgrown let me become the man that I may continue to grow

and expand; when once even manhood's structure is not enough for the struggling, expanding, spirit within, then give me further liberty to go on; but do not tell me that I must come back to earth and take up the diseased or decrepit body I abandoned on my dying bed; do not tell me that if here in this world I was maimed or a cripple I must still continue to be, that I must bear around through all eternity the marks of suffering and imperfection. No! no! better the sleep of death forever, better no future than such a ghastly parody of earth condition, such incorruptible and eternal fac-similes of what here was transient and mortal.

Easter day would be a day of awful despondency to me, if I really thought that He who said with his dying breath, "Father, unto thy hands I commit my *spirit*," were doomed to forever remain in the prison house of that physical organism which He had when in Palestine one thousand nine hundred years ago.

It is no satisfactory answer to be told that what is meant by the resurrection of Jesus is really the resurrection of his *spiritual* body. In what way does that help matters? A spiritual body which still has the semblance of wounds and nail points, a spiritual body which looks so like the physical body that disciple after disciple is deceived by the similarity, can-

not differ in appearance, at least, from a physical body however much it may differ in substance from the ordinary structure of flesh and blood. If I am told that the phrase, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," means, "I believe in the resurrection of the spirit," I reply, Why not then say *spirit*? Why continue to use so misleading a term as "resurrection"? Resurrection implies something which, having gone down into the grave, and remained there quiescent,—practically non-existent,—comes up suddenly into the light, into life. Resurrection cannot be used in reference to spirit. Spirit does not die. This whole conception of a death, of a non-existent period, and then of a renewed vitality is primitive; it fails to harmonize with what Jesus taught; nor does it harmonize with the modern idea of soul. It is such an illogical, childlike conception that leads thoughtful people to a disbelief in immortality. If faith in the continuance of personality is founded on no more stable basis than this of the resurrection of Jesus from the rock tomb where his body was laid, then in time it is bound to disappear.

"God is spirit"; there is the magnificent affirmation. "*We* are spirits; God is our Father." Let those words echo and re-echo through our hearts. They will give to us a firmer faith, a deeper trust, than can the repe-

tition of any resurrection story however sacred and beautiful.

If Jesus had said "*God is Energy,*" we would have thought simply of a continued and manifold activity; if he had said "*God is Law,*" we would have thought of some great blind force; if he had said *God is Mind,* then we should think of that intelligence which makes possible the selection, guidance, and control of means for the accomplishment of ends; if he had said *God is Life,* the phrase would still be limited. God is the energy, the intelligence, the life, but God is much more. Welling up into the consciousness of man as directive will, and in the heart as divine unselfishness, God forms the center of being out from which springs into action all that is highest, purest, noblest, loveliest, most exalted.

Scientists tell us that the atmosphere is filled with "ether." Ether cannot be seen nor touched, "it is beyond the range of our conscious experience and yet we know it is there." We know that it is present in the atmosphere because the phenomenon of light makes its existence a necessity. Light moves in waves like the waves of the sea—waves of what? "They cannot be of air, or water, or any form of matter as we know it; for to our senses the atmosphere seems absolutely empty"; and yet the moving waves of light cannot be waves

of nothing. They must be waves of something. This something invisible, intangible, inaudible, is as real as anything that is seen, or heard, or touched. In all this vast universe wherever a star shines, or light darts, there broods this vast circumambient ether.

As is the ether to the atmosphere, so is spirit to human personality. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit"? "Whither shall I flee from thy presence"? "If I ascend into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in the grave behold thou art even there."

Kindness, such as I know; tenderness, such as I have experienced; joy, such as has come to me; beauty, such as I see around me; love, constant inspiring, devoted, such as I have been blessed with, are like the waves of light floating out into being from that great source and center of light and life, of joy and beauty, of blessedness and love. I may not be able to *see* that all-enfolding personality; but every time I see the look of kindness in a friend's face I know that back of it is the eternal spirit; every time I read of a heroic deed I know the animating impulse which prompted that deed; every time I am blessed with the devotion of human love, I realize that the flaming, burning, inextinguishable center of it is in the eternal Father-heart, and I rejoice to think I am akin to that Father-heart and can

never, never, be torn from communion with it.

I shall go on: You will go on: Our conscious, living, thinking personalities shall continue. "In the Father's house are many mansions." This is not the last and only home. Yes, conscious personal spirit is ever lord of death and love can never lose its own.

I know not what these future years on earth have in store for you, for me; but I trustfully say, Come to me, angels of gladness and happiness, with your beatific songs, or come to me, powers of darkness, with discordant chant of strife and sin; come to me pain or joy, sickness or health, life or death. I shall not falter nor be afraid; for I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me nor my loved ones from the Eternal Spirit who is my Father and their Father, my God and their God, now and forevermore. Amen and Amen.

BX9843.V3 T8
Twenty years of life : messages fro
Andover-Harvard
ADX6743
3 2044 017 098 286